INQUIRY®

MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 4, 1980 • $1.25

Can the Democrats Bite the Budget Bullet?

Ellen Cantarow: *Strife on the West Bank*

Reviews of Galbraith, Golding, and 'Bent'

Gonzo Politics in Texas

By BILL COLLIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHILD ABUSERS ARE MORE HELPLESS THAN THEIR CHILDREN.

A Public Service of The Advertising Council

Ad Council

You'd think parents who abuse their children would have some choice in the matter. But most are truly unable to help themselves.

Most child abusers were also abused while growing up, so they've learned no other way to raise their own children. Studies show that these people also have many emotional needs that aren't being satisfied. As a result, they can't cope very well, and often take out their frustrations on their own sons and daughters.

Child abusers are as much the victims of a vicious cycle as the children they abuse — whether the abuse is physical, sexual, emotional, or neglect. The cycle can be broken, and child abusers can be helped, if enough people care enough to do something about it. There's a lot that **you** can do, and we can tell you all about it.

HELP DESTROY A FAMILY TRADITION. WRITE:
National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

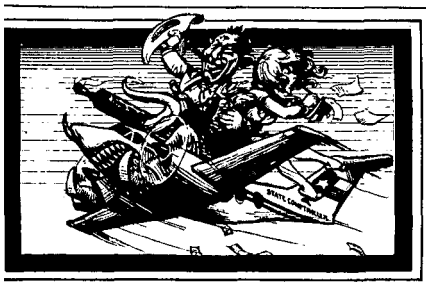
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INQUIRY®

FEBRUARY 4, 1980

Gonzo Politics in Texas

BILL COLLIER **p. 16**



When Bob Bullock took over the Texas state comptroller's office in 1975, he brought with him a pack of lively young idealists who believed they were undertaking a grand experiment in good government. Instead it turned into a nightmarish abuse of power.

COLUMNS & REVIEWS

Inquiries ..... **p. 3**
Getting the story; Hansen's diplomacy.

Law ..... **p. 7**
Why Johnny can't buy a house. Young Americans can hardly afford shelter these days. The culprits: their parents, who have created a baffling array of regulations that are driving prices out of sight. (*JERRY DAVIS*)

Dispatch ..... **p. 9**
West Bank town under house arrest. A contest of national wills continues on the West Bank; the losers are the people who live there. (*ELLEN CANTAROW*)

Politics ..... **p. 12**
The balanced budget and Jerry Brown. Everyone attacks the California governor as an opportunist for his support of a balanced-budget amendment—but the rhetoric masks a fear that he might succeed. (*JAMES DALE DAVIDSON*)

Books ..... **p. 23**
John O'Sullivan on *Annals of an Abiding Liberal*, by John K. Galbraith; Anthony Burgess on *Darkness Visible*, by William Golding; and Walter LaFeber on *Gray Steel and Blue Water Navy*, by Benjamin Franklin Cooling.

Theater ..... **p. 28**
Richard Plant reviews *Bent*, by Martin Sherman.

Film ..... **p. 30**
Stephen Harvey on *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Chapter Two*.

Typography by MACKENZIE-HARRIS *and* SOLOTYPE

INQUIRY MAGAZINE (USPS 439-090), Volume 3, Number 4, February 4, 1980. Published semimonthly except for January, June, July, and August, when monthly. INQUIRY is published by the Cato Institute, 747 Front St., San Francisco, CA 94111. Editorial and advertising offices: 747 Front St., San Francisco, CA 94111, (415) 433-4319. Second-class postage paid at Palo Alto, CA, and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription price: $15.00; single-copy price: $1.25. Overseas subscription price: $27.50 surface mail; $50.00 airmail. Send subscription requests and address corrections to P.O. Box 2500, Menlo Park, CA 94025. POSTMASTER: Send address corrections to P.O. Box 2500, Menlo Park, CA 94025. Copyright 1980 by Cato Institute. ISSN No. 0148-5008.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE EVILS OF THE USE of political office for personal advantage are fairly obvious in a general kind of way; in this issue, Bill Collier gives us a rather fascinating case study of them. Less obvious, perhaps, is the usually much greater harm that politicians occasion in their alleged pursuit of the *public*'s advantage. Jerry Davis reports on how desirable housing has been put out of the reach of millions by the actions of government regulators, and James Dale Davidson analyzes the behavior of vote-seeking deficit spenders and the attempt to rein them in by constitutional means. I draw your attention also to John O'Sullivan's wry skewering of that perennial apologist for government regulation and spending, John Kenneth Galbraith. In our next issue—assuming the world still exists—our comments on the events in Afghanistan.

RR

RALPH RAICO, Publisher

WILLIAMSON M. EVERS, Editor
GLENN GARVIN, Associate Editor
RUTH K. FRANKLIN, Copy Editor
ROBERT THOMPSON, Research Associate
BLAKE HALLANAN, Librarian

WENDY SCHWARTZ, Art Director
SUSAN STROTMAN, Production Manager
MARIANNE ACKERMAN, Assistant Art Director
BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY, Staff Illustrator
JANIS COLLINS, CHRIS HUTMACHER, JUDITH CHAMPAGNE, Staff

RONALD HAMOWY, Consulting Editor

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS, BARTON J. BERNSTEIN, DIANE DIVOKY, DAVID GORDON, PENNY LERNOUX, JONATHAN MARSHALL, EARL C. RAVENAL, MURRAY N. ROTHBARD, PETER SCHRAG, WILLIAM SHAWCROSS, ROSE STYRON, THOMAS SZASZ, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, Contributing Editors; PHIL STANFORD, Washington Correspondent; STEPHEN HARVEY, Films, DANA GIOIA, Literature

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RES PUBLICA

How long must the spleen wort live under threat of genocide?

■ Protecting a small endangered fern, the ebony spleen wort, and a species of wild carrot is doubling the cost of a proposed sewer system for the village of Augusta [Michigan].

The village taxpayers' share of the project would be $991,000, twice the cost estimate for the system originally proposed. That system was rejected by the Environmental Protection Agency.

—New York Times, Dec. 2, 1979

Freedom is such a complex notion

■ "We shut them [the newspaper *Ayendegan*] up because we knew who they were and what they were after. And this is not contrary to freedom. This is done everywhere. . . ."

—AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI, The Middle East, November, 1979

The humility of office

■ "When, Mr. Secretary, are you going to make it rain around here," asked a lanky Texan in a dark blue, three-piece suit.

Bob Bergland, the Secretary of Agriculture, replied: "I leave that up to the Lord. I don't think the Government ought to be involved in making weather."

Then he smiled as the 67 affluent Texans, some of them oil producers, a few of them ranchers and wheat farmers, and some of them Republicans, applauded.

—New York Times, Dec. 7, 1979

We try to keep in touch, but there's so much to do

■ Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. said Monday that most members of Congress had not been aware of the repressive nature of the former shah of Iran's regime.

"This is all new to me," the Massachusetts Democrat said of recent reports of atrocities committed while Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi was in power.

Congress was led to believe the shah was a progressive and fair leader, O'Neill said.

—Los Angeles Times, Nov. 27, 1979

Mind you, this is just an interim report

■ A $146,000 critique of Philadelphia's criminal justice system has gone back to the drawing boards after researchers discovered that they had overlooked one minor detail: the city's entire Municipal Court system.

Douglas C. Dodge, planning director for the Pennsylvania court administrator's office, said copies of the draft report will be made public today. Dodge acknowledged that the report was imperfect but stressed that it was not final—a complete version is due next spring.

—Philadelphia Inquirer, Dec. 4, 1979

The noble lie

■ Social Security Commissioner Stanford G. Ross said yesterday people must forget "myths" about contributing to their own retirement and recognize the payroll deduction for what it is—a tax to support the elderly, disabled and their families.

The myth that the Social Security levy was a contribution, not a tax, "proved valuable in the early days of the program, but . . . is helping to confuse the debate over Social Security today," he said.

—San Francisco Chronicle, Nov. 30, 1979

The poor are always with us, in any case

■ Mother Teresa, the 69-year-old Albanian-born nun, received the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo on Monday but faced the prospect of up to 80 percent of the money being taken by the Indian Government income tax and surcharges.

Mother Teresa received £91,000 from the Nobel Foundation and £33,000 from the Norwegian People's Prize and intended to contribute the money to lepers and the destitute.

Yet unless someone is able to shortcircuit the bureaucracy Mother Teresa might have just about £21,000 left.

—The Guardian (London), Dec. 16, 1979

In the old days, we knew the difference between liberty and license

■ As the 100th anniversary of the birt of Stalin nears, his hand still weigh heavily on the country he did so much shape.

The lingering ambivalence towar Stalin is striking: young truck driver hardly old enough to have been bo under his rule, display his portrait on th windshield and have a hard time e plaining why; the director of a veteran hospital in Minsk has one on his desk.

One of the reasons for the portraits Stalin being displayed is a widesprea inchoate feeling of disorder and aimles ness in every sphere of Soviet life, fro the economy to the family. In Stalin day, so the myth goes, there was juvenile delinquency, and a man cou be shot for appearing drunk or late the job.

—New York Times, Dec. 14, 1979

Anything less would lead to potato chaos

■ Housewives like a big potato becau it is easy to peel and ideal for baking, b if the potato is more than 3½ in. wi and 6½ in. long it is illegal, the pota marketing board has ruled.

Strict rules—including a mesh mea uring test for murphies—have been i troduced by the board, with whom grower must register to sell his crop, if has more than half an acre.

—Sunday Times (London), Nov. 25, 19

New advances in public schooling

■ Troublemakers at Bertie Junior Hi School [in Windsor, North Carolin often do not get suspended. Instea they go to "jail."

When Betty Jenkins escorts her cla to a small Army Quonset hut with thic screened windows behind the scho students in nearby classrooms je "Hey jailbirds."

As soon as the last student is insic the door is shut. Anyone contemplati breaks, sleeping in class or an early d parture can forget it.

Other than a brief lunch break in otherwise empty cafeteria and perhap chaperoned trip to the lavatory, t "jailbirds" remain confined from 8: A.M. until school lets out at 3 P.M.

Mrs. Jenkins is watching over Ber Junior High's problem students. M have been caught more than once c ting class or smoking.

"I've been called a jailer," said M Jenkins, a former home economi teacher. "But it doesn't bother me."

—New York Times, Dec. 2, 1979

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The NBC hostage interview

Getting the story

WHO SAYS JIMMY CARTER DOESN'T know how to be president? He obviously knows the venerated First Rule of Government: When things go badly, blame the press. Carter's administration has followed the rule with a gleeful vengeance since the Iranian students took hostages in the U.S. embassy in Tehran last November.

Zbigniew Brzezinski fired the first shots early in the crisis. After CBS television had the effrontery to present an interview with the Ayatollah Khomeini, Brzezinski exploded that the press was "catering to the enemies of this country" and was "out to make a buck." (Brzezinski presumably works for free.) Then, in an outburst that brought tears of nostalgia for administrations gone by, Brzezinski said: "There ought to be some way to control the press. The press in this country should be controlled."

But it was in the fifth week of the crisis that the administration really hit its stride. NBC television provided the opening by obtaining an interview—the first—with one of the hostages, Marine Corporal William Gallegos of Pueblo, Colorado. In order to get the interview, NBC had to agree to two conditions set by the Iranians: One of the students had to be present while the interview was conducted, and the network had to include an unedited statement by one of the students. But there were no restrictions on questions, questions were not submitted in advance, and the interview was conducted by NBC personnel.

Carter and his aides went wild. The President himself was so "disgusted," said an aide, that he switched his television off midway in the program. Press secretary Jody Powell complained that television reporters weren't asking the Iranians "tough questions" about the condition of the hostages; on the other hand, State Department official Hodding Carter III said reporters ought to *quit* asking tough questions because they were forcing the Iranians into "rigid" positions. Brzezinski's press secretary Jerrold Schecter said NBC had "exploited" Corporal Gallegos.

The administration managed to line up broad bipartisan support for its position among pinheads and imbeciles everywhere. House Speaker Tip O'Neill, a Democrat, called the interview "regrettable and dangerous" and said he was "bitterly disappointed" in the network. "For NBC to fall into the trap of being used for Iranian propaganda—I just can't believe it," O'Neill added. Republican Representative Robert E. Bauman of Maryland said that "NBC should be nominated for the Benedict Arnold Award for broadcast journalism." Perhaps the most curious reaction came from House Democratic whip John Brademas of Indiana. "A lot of us feel that so long as Americans are bound and made to sit in cubicles and are not allowed to communicate with each other, these citizens of the United States are being mistreated," Brademas said. "I was surprised an American network would have gone along." Brademas seemed to forget that the news that the hostages were bound and confined to cubicles was first disclosed in the very broadcast that he was attacking.

NBC's two rival networks put on a marvelous display of sour grapes over the interview. "I'm surprised and disappointed that NBC did it," said ABC News president Roone Arledge. "It was not television's proudest moment." A damning charge, coming from the man who brought us celebrity "Battle of the Sexes." Bill Leonard, president of CBS News, also sounded self-righteous. "As long as [the Iranians] were dictating the spokesman, the cameras, the hostage and when we would televise it, they were asking us to be a conduit rather than a journalistic organization," Leonard said. "I didn't spend three seconds with that decision." The very next morning both ABC and CBS broadcast a new interview with Corporal Gallegos, this one conducted and filmed by the Iranian students. Standards evolve so quickly in this modern world.

It is undoubtedly true that at times the press coverage of the hostage situation has served Iranian interests. At times it has served the interests of the American government. Any time a news story is presented to the public it is bound to serve the interests of someone, somewhere. "Presidents try to use us, people with a cause try to use us," notes NBC News president William Small. "Ralph Nader does. It's nothing unusual." If journalists refrained from reporting every story that served some outside interest, the morning paper would contain not much more than a weather forecast and some chess problems, if even that.

The only question a reporter ought to ask is: is it news? Whether it will complicate things for the American government or embarrass individual officials is of no consequence whatsoever. "We can't be asked to abstain from journalistic practices because a story will complicate diplomatic practices," said Walter Cronkite in the wake of the hostage interview. "That's a diplomatic problem; it's not our problem. . . . We have to pursue the story. It would be terrible, if through self-interest or government interest, we didn't get a clear picture."

The NBC interview with Corporal Gallegos clearly met that test. Certainly it would have been nice if the network could have avoided any constraints at all and interviewed Gallegos privately in New York, but that's not the way the world works. "They're not going to let you take a hostage home for Christmas," pointed out NBC's Small. The network made the best of it, and prefaced its broadcast with an explanation of the requirements the Iranians had laid down for the interview. It seems to us that NBC displayed admirable journalistic enterprise tempered with perfectly fair truth-in-packaging.

"We knew," said NBC correspondent George Lewis, one of the men who conducted the interview, "that some people would accuse us of spreading propaganda for the Iranians or of not being pro-American. But we are not here to be pro-American. We are here to tell people what is happening." Through all the government harassment and professional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sniping, Lewis and NBC have remembered what journalism is all about: It is the reporter's job to get the news and raise hell. We salute them.

Why not? Nothing else works

Hansen's diplomacy

THROUGHOUT AMERICA, LEFT, RIGHT, and center have joined to attack the startling personal initiative of Representative George Hansen (R-Ida.). In late November and again in late December, the ultraconservative congressman who in mid-November had called for the impeachment of Carter if he did not go all out to free the hostages, journeyed to Iran. He was the first American allowed to see the hostages, and testified to their fairly decent treatment. He also cheered some Iranians by calling for a congressional investigation of the shah and of U.S. dealings with him as a possible way of freeing the hostages.

It's not that George Hansen has suddenly become a leftist or pacifist. On his return home to Idaho, Hansen reiterated that if the Iranians killed the American hostages, there should be massive retaliation. Yet he supports a congressional inquiry—not as a trade-off for the release of the hostages, but simply because "that's the right thing to do." Specifically, an inquiry should be conducted for "our own national honor. . . . It would help the Iranian people understand that at last the United States is looking into that questionable situation with the Shah." Furthermore, he says, the taxpayers deserve to find out whether the money the United States poured into Iran was well spent.

Defending his trip before Congress, Representative Hansen later charged that American intelligence in the area had been feeble and that "we have not been very imaginative in establishing a relationship to begin a dialogue with the Government of Iran." He had felt that "someone had to do something," and so he had decided that perhaps an American acting in an unofficial capacity could initiate a dialogue. In Iran, Hansen found that "the Iranian people seem to feel that the Shah was imposed by us on them in the 1950s and then ran roughshod over them."

Undoubtedly Hansen's skeptical attitude toward U.S. relations with the shah, now and earlier, stems from his longstanding criticism of the international activities of the Rockefeller family and the Chase Manhattan Bank. During the debate over the Panama treaty, Hansen had focused particularly on the support for the treaty by the Rockefellers and other international bankers.

During and after Hansen's November trip, conservatives—more in sorrow than in anger—accused Hansen of giving aid and comfort to the enemies, especially the leftist enemies, of the United States, and of undermining the Carter effort. From the center, Hugh Sidey of *Time* accused Hansen, "this untutored man," of "careening" around in an effort to take over the President's job. He undercut Carter, Sidey continues, and confused the national purpose by suggesting congressional hearings. The *Washington Post* scoffed that Hansen is a "loose cannon," and that his proposal was "unauthorized." From the left, the *Nation,* in a front-page editorial "Down-Home Diplomacy" (Dec. 8), angrily denounced Hansen as "an unguided diplomatic missile," a "Lone Ranger," and an "international kibitzer who charges into hot spots around the globe" undermining "the responsible conduct of American foreign relations."

All these comments are based on the notion that the President alone possesses the exclusive responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs. Well, is it really necessary to leave all foreign policy to the President and the experts of the executive branch? Has the record of diplomacy by American experts been all that comforting? Has the *Nation* forgotten Vietnam so soon?

George Hansen denied any intention of actually conducting negotiations with Iran. But nowhere is it writ, either by God or in the Constitution, that only the executive branch may engage in foreign policy negotiations. In fact, the U.S. Constitution empowers the President to receive ambassadors and also appoint them. But he may appoint ambassadors and make treaties only with the advice and consent of the Senate. For its part, in addition to these powers, Congress has the sole constitutional power "to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water." Furthermore, since only Congress can appropriate funds for foreign policy ventures, the power of Congress in foreign affairs seems considerable.

Nowhere in the Constitution does it say that private individuals cannot negotiate with foreign nations. There is, of course, the Logan Act, which punishes private diplomacy; it was passed by the Federalists in 1799 as part of their harassment of the political opposition to America's undeclared war against France. The law was directed specifically against George Logan, an opponent of war and foreign intervention who had gone to France as a private citizen to help bring about peace. Again, as the War of 1812 approached, Logan, a consistent noninterventionist, visited England to try to head off war; this time his critics in the press accused him of being pro-British.

Neither Logan, nor any person since, has been brought to trial under the Logan Act, but every dissenting antiwar movement has brought forth the occasional congressman to bluster about using this weapon against meddlesome miscreants. The last such targets of congressional wrath were Jane Fonda and Ramsay Clark during the Vietnam War. No one has yet called for prosecuting Representative Hansen, but we can expect the old statutory warhorse to be trotted out should war flare up between the United States and Iran. The Logan Act should be repealed, and we should be free to see how well private diplomacy may work. Private negotiations are unlikely to make foreign relations any worse than they have been; the government, after all, could always refuse to go along with their results. The right to see and talk for oneself is a basic human right as well as an important check on government power in a democratic country. The right to negotiate seems a reasonable extension of this principle.

On December 19, Iranian Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh made yet another appeal to the United States to set up an official—particularly a congressional—investigation of the crimes of the shah of Iran. Ghotbzadeh repeated that he hoped that the United States "got the message," and he asserted that this scaled-down demand had the full support of Ayatollah Khomeini and the Revolutionary Council, presumably as a modified quid pro quo for the release of the American hostages. At this writing, there is no way of knowing whether that might prove fruitful, but if it does, then Hansen will be proved to be a visionary as well as a statesman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 747 Front St., San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Fuzzy reasoning

YOUR LEAD EDITORIAL, "Nuclear Socialism" [Sept. 30, 1979], presents the readers with some good reasoning, some poor reasoning, and three serious errors of fact.

It is fuzzy reasoning to compare risks taken voluntarily (e.g., the pioneer spirit) with risks imposed on you by others without your consent (e.g., nuclear power).

No one should defend a person's "right" to force people he meets in the street to play Russian roulette with him, just because most of the players have "only" a higher risk of injury, but do not actually get injured. Yet the operator of a nuclear plant is forcing the population to play Russian roulette with him.

The operation of a nuclear power plant necessarily kills people; the decision to build and operate a nuke is nothing less than premeditated random murder upon this and future generations. Furthermore, such plants are imposing genetic degradation upon the whole population without its consent, because every nuke necessarily damages the genes of a very large number of "temporary" nuclear workers who can freely have children.

Now to list the three errors of fact:

1) There is no evidence whatsoever for the statement that "The risk of a major nuclear accident is slight and the consequences . . . would be no worse than many other catastrophes that could befall an industrial society." Not only is the risk high (not slight), but with regard to the consequences, can real defenders of human rights justify one violation of rights by pointing to other violations?

2) There is solid evidence that low-level radiation (even down to half a rem, or 500 millirems) is harmful—and the younger you are, the more harmful. And even if such evidence were still lacking, *INQUIRY should not be endorsing* experimentation on the population without its consent. Not only is such experimentation wrong in principle, but it can be shown that this could easily lead to genocide in reality. Endorsing experimentation on people with substances which could be deadly indeed is a very poor position. We should all oppose the dumping of even harmless substances (e.g., corncobs) on people without their consent.

3) Coal-fired plants do not emit more low-level radiation than the operation of nuclear plants; they emit far less. However, *INQUIRY* should not keep falling into the pit of pointing to some murders to justify others. We have to solve the murder problem.

We must use our ingenuity to make industrial progress compatible with libertarian principles about protecting individuals from injury, aggression, coercion, and trespass by others, instead of assuming it cannot be achieved and instead of coming down in a panic on the side of "progress" instead of natural rights.

EGAN O'CONNOR
JOHN W. GOFMAN
San Francisco, Calif.

THE EDITORS reply:

It is rather astounding for John Gofman—who doesn't believe in the right of Nazis to free speech—to lecture others on libertarian values. But, chagrined to learn how far we are from perfect devotion to human freedom, we trudge on.

Gofman and O'Connor maintain that no one should ever encounter a man-made risk he hasn't consented to. Their formula would rule out putting up tall buildings or putting an additional car on the road (which are hardly clear and immediate threats like involuntary Russian roulette) without obtaining the consent of all alive and yet to be born. If Gofman and O'Connor are so worried about the risks of urban or industrial life, they each might consider living in solitary splendor in the desert or in the mountains.

Their preoccupation with banishing risk leads them also to contend that all experiments with possibly harmful substances should be ended, and that every technology should be presumed guilty until proven innocent. But scientific methodology cannot be used to prove a negative. If we followed the prescription of Gofman and O'Connor, we would have to outlaw the use of every food, drug, and drink—not only synthetic but natural—since none of these can be proven to be harmless.

Next, Gofman and O'Connor say that nuclear power plants should be closed down because the genetic damage done to plant workers will be passed on to their children. (Gofman and O'Connor treat such genetic damage as certain. But no such damage linked to radiation exposure has ever been detected in humans—not even in the descendants of the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, who received considerably more radiation than nuclear plant workers.)

Indeed, at a hearing before a committee of the California legislature in April 1979, Gofman lamented the situation that "we haven't declared the [nuclear plant] workers to be lepers; we let them procreate and thus they spread their radiation damage into the population at large." The clear implication of Gofman's remarks is that nuclear workers should be denied the right to procreate. Would Gofman also prohibit procreation by diabetics or American blacks carrying the sickle-cell anemia trait?

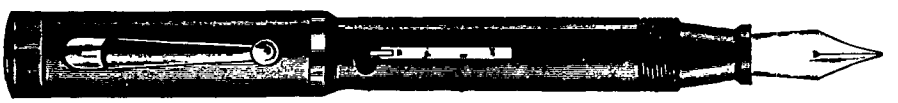
Let us consider carefully this matter of the rights of future generations. There is much to be said for Thomas Jefferson's maxim that "the earth belongs to the living." In contrast, the position adopted by Gofman is conservative, not liberal, for it is the position, articulated in its most famous version by Edmund Burke, that there is an unbreakable contract between the dead, the living, and the yet unborn.

Do we really think that a parent has no right to do something that would jeopardize the situation of an unborn child? If we take the approach suggested by Gofman and O'Connor, we must certainly outlaw abortion. What do we think about a person who moves to East Germany? He can go in; the children he has later cannot go out. We may properly think of this fellow as inconsiderate, but we could not forbid his move and still say we live in a free society.

Later, Gofman and O'Connor contend, in effect, that the proper position

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on pollution is no emissions, rather than no damage. Thus, they stress that it is correct to outlaw the dumping of corncobs and therefore, by analogy, it is correct to outlaw anything, however harmless, that emits waves or particles. They are certainly right to say that dumping corncobs on someone's property without his permission should be illegal, since dumping of such garbage is noticeably



damaging. But their zero-emissions standard clearly would necessitate the outlawry of human breathing. The "no emissions" approach would ban the reflection of the tiniest glimmer of light off a man-made object and would require the abolition of radio and TV broadcasting. Gofman and O'Connor seem not to be in tune with the nature of things; small particles from one object are constantly bumping into other objects without discernible damage.

Turning now to the three errors of fact alleged by Gofman and O'Connor:

First, we still think that the risk of a major nuclear accident is slight and that the consequence would be no worse than many other possible accidents. There are now a total of 72 operating reactors in the United States (with a total experience of 410 reactor-years) that have had no accidents releasing significant amounts of radiation. Abroad there are an additional 151 reactors operating in forty-three countries with a total experience of 1300 reactor-years. To this must be added 2000 reactor-years of nuclear power in the navy. Experience shows that the risk of a major accident is slight.

On the other hand, we live with the fact that there are five dams in the United States which, if any one of them burst, would kill at least 100,000 persons. (One would kill 200,000 persons.) Dams do burst all the time around the world, killing thousands; oil tankers are also constantly exploding, killing scores of persons. These are the unpleasant, but real, facts of life in an industrial society.

Second, we still think there is no solid evidence that low-level radiation is harmful. It is often assumed that damage from radiation at low levels (which cannot be detected) can be projected in a straight-line extrapolation from the known damage at high levels. The 1958 study by Alice Stewart and others, which Gofman cites elsewhere as showing that radiation at all levels is damaging, shows no such thing. Its analysis is controversial, and the study is being reassessed by several scholars. In any case, even if Stewart's work holds up under scrutiny, it tells us nothing definite about the damage done to adults by this level of radiation or the damage done to fetuses by even less radiation —such as that found in nature or given off by nuclear power plants.

Lastly, we still maintain that coal-fired plants emit more radiation than nuclear plants, and would point to studies by Lave and Freeburg, by McBride and others, and by the congressional Office of Technology Assessment that confirm this. But quibbling here misses the point. Many energy sources give off some radiation. (Utilization of natural gas, for example, leads to 100 times the radiation exposure stemming from the nuclear industry.) The point, however, is that the exposure via these energy sources is inconsequential.

As a final matter, we must say something about Gofman and O'Connor's free-swinging use of words like murder and genocide. They are quick to use these words imprecisely—murder requires malice aforethought and genocide is aimed at a racial group. Such sloppiness certainly raises some questions in our mind about their devotion to scientific accuracy as well. ❑

Hearts and trigger fingers

HAVING READ DON KATES' book *Restricting Handguns—The Liberal Skeptics Speak Out,* and being deeply involved in the handgun control movement, it didn't take much beyond the Table of Contents to see the first in a series of mortal errors. Reviewer William Dowling [Dec. 10, 1979], like Kates, does not seem to know a liberal from a conservative from a radical, a handgun from a long gun, or a casual observation from an empirical study.

Liberals speak out? Where are the liberals?

Kates is in the mold of his mentor William Kunstler, a man who would grow nauseous at the thought of being called a "liberal." How do you judge when someone has stepped over the line? Well the Katesian view that the sword is mightier than the pen is a pretty good benchmark. I've been present when Kates has bragged that as a freshman at Reed College he avoided freshman hazing by letting people know I kept a handgun around.

The extreme right says: "God create man, but Colt made him equal," th extreme left proclaims "political pow grows out of the barrel of a gun." Ne ther has anything to do with liberalism

The title of the book proclaims han gun control although the authors ar the reviewer seem to be incapable distinguishing handguns and long gu in the firearms or political arena. The speak of a movement for "firearms pr hibition" when no such movement exis except in their own minds. Handgu are 20 to 25 percent of the firearms this country but are involved in 80 to percent of all types of firearms misus And that's half a million–plus inciden a year of homicide, assault, robber accident, etc. The Winter 1979 issue the *St. Louis University Law Journal* co tains an article by Kates and one which I explain the technology behi abnormal rates of handgun abuse ar low long-gun abuse.

People are interested in controllin handguns, *not* long guns. The Nation Coalition to Ban Handguns has public testified against long-gun control ar successfully sued the Defense Depar ment to open the sale of surplus rifles all Americans, not just National Rif Association members as it had for fift five years.

The clearest half-truths came Dowling's analysis of the Secon Amendment. He loudly proclaims "th right to keep and bear arms" but ignor the qualifying phrase: "A well regulate militia . . . " Fortunately the Supren Court has not been as sloppy a reader Mr. Dowling; furthermore, they hav not been sloppy five times and not th one time Mr. Dowling knows of. Behin this are forty-plus federal district cou and appeals court decisions, as well the views of such disparate groups as th American Bar Association and th American Civil Liberties Union.

Finally, Dowling tells us that advo cates of handgun control are losing th race for the hearts and minds of Ame icans. The polls strongly suggest th opposite. Among liberals it may hav highest rates of agreement. This partia ly explains why someone such as Do Kates, proclaiming to be a liberal, ha his views published. It is, as Dr. Johnso observed about the dog walking on h hind legs, "not that he does it well, bu that he does it at all."

SAM FIELI
National Coalition to Ban Handgu
Washington, D.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAW

JERRY DAVIS

Why Johnny can't buy a house

THE PEOPLE WHO BRED that mass of babies back in the 1950s had one major advantage that they can't pass along to their children: They had plenty of good, cheap shelter in which to settle and start a family.

For a variety of reasons ranging from inflation to materials shortages, the so-called affordable house is an ad writer's slogan with no basis in reality. In many areas of the United States the average house is selling for at least $60,000, meaning in most cases that buyers must put $12,000 down. And it is regulation at the local government level, where control is exercised mainly by people who fostered the baby boom, that has contributed at least 20 percent to the cost of housing.

That 20 percent makes a $40,000 house a $50,000 house, or a $64,000 house an $80,000 house. The figure is not a figment of somebody's imagination. It was arrived at after a comprehensive study, by the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University.

The National Association of Home Builders offered further proof of the point at its convention last January. The association displayed a house (built with local approval) that met all health and safety requirements, but was not otherwise regulated as to materials or labor-saving devices. No time was wasted on permits and approvals of various local boards, and no requirements were made that the builder pay for utility hook-ups or give away land for parks or schools. The builders produced an attractive house that cost 25 percent less than the same home in a Las Vegas subdivision.

JERRY DAVIS writes about finance and real estate for the Chicago Sun-Times.

A lot of bad reasons have fostered the proliferation of government regulation of housing. They usually have to do with communities wanting to stay the way they are, with no increase in population that might require increased services, and especially no increase in "undesirable" population.

The "undesirables" might be young couples with children who need school space. Perhaps they're the wrong color, or religion. Or they might be singles who would swing. Often, they are elderly people, who might seem a burden to some members of the community. Even if those who would move into a community are "desirable"—that is, just like those already in the majority—the current residents might insist that the field a developer wants to subdivide is an essential element of the local landscape.

THE FIRST ANTIGROWTH regulation to attract prominent attention, because it resulted in extended litigation, was the quota system for residential building permits that was introduced in 1972 in Petaluma, California. The permits were awarded by something called a "residential development evaluation board," which had among its requirements "the provision of needed public facilities, such as critical linkages in the major street system, school rooms, or other vital public facilities." Points also were given for "contributions to and extensions of existing systems of foot or bicycle paths, equestrian trails and the greenbelt provided for in the environmental design plans."

Complying with the regulations imposed by local government can add at least 20 percent to the cost of housing.

The great thing for the residents of Petaluma who bought their homes before these requirements went into effect was that the plan was certain to raise the value of their homes. Anyone desiring to live in Petaluma had to buy either a new house priced to cover all the items a builder "contributed" to the community, or an existing house from a Petaluma resident who quite naturally moved his price up to the market level of new housing. This meant Petaluma residents could have special amenities like bicycle paths that they weren't willing to pay taxes for.

Of course, the builders' alternative in this case was not to build in Petaluma. But, if every community in the country adopted the Petaluma plan—and many did adopt facsimiles—there would be no new housing anywhere. That might not seem such a bad idea to some people, but it is a scary proposition to anyone who feels there should be housing for the generation that is just leaving parents and college to try the world on its own. That generation, according to all government estimates, will have a shortage of housing in the first place, and a set of very expensive choices.

Further, the homebuilding industry is so vital to the nation's economy that when it dives, as it did in 1974 and 1975, the whole country is in trouble. The suppliers of material for homebuilding produce a big chunk of the Gross National Product.

Right now homebuilding is keeping a lot of bureaucrats on the public payroll contriving regulations like these:

—The need to obtain several different types of permits from different agencies of local governments. The permit process enabled some California communities to overcome the tax loss from Proposition 13 by simply raising all their permit fees to builders by several hundred percent. California's Office of Planning and Research estimates that local building fees have been raised an average of 255 percent since Proposition 13 passed.

—Establishment of a minimum lot size. In Bainbridge Township, near Cleveland, an ordinance was passed establishing a three-acre lot minimum, meaning that the houses developed on those sites had to be ultraexpensive to cover land costs.

—Limitations or exorbitant charges for utility hook-ups. By insisting that builders pay for not only their own hook-ups, but for other utility costs that should be borne by the existing residents, communities can make it too expensive for builders to come in. Some towns simply claim that they do not have the water or sewer capacity to accept any more homebuilding, and thus bar all new development within their boundaries.

—Requiring extra public facilities as a condition of approving development. One common requirement is a fire sta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion that the community at large needs but doesn't want to finance.

—Insistence on the "dedication" (bureaucratic jargon for giveaway) of part of the land in a subdivision for some public use related only tangentially to the subdivision. In some Illinois suburbs, the local government has demanded land or cash for schools and parks that represented as much as 15 percent of the value of the property. No cash, no permit, the local agencies had said, and the Illinois Supreme Court upheld the blackmail.

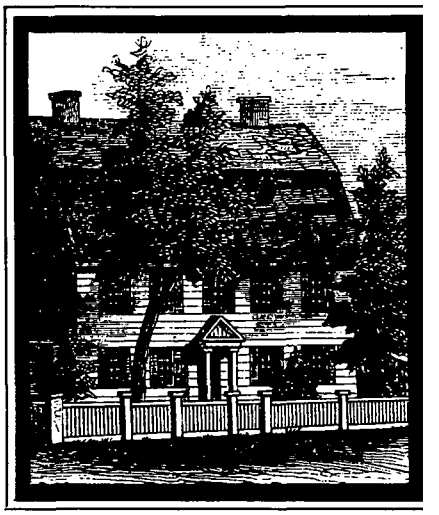
—Exceedingly detailed environmental impact statements.

—Restrictive building code requirements.

IT TAKES AN ARMY OF bureaucrats to administer these programs in the thousands of municipal governments that have adopted them. In addition to that cost, of housing in northern Virginia revealed that sewer and water tap fees alone jumped 650 percent between 1969 and 1975, sixteen times as much as the increase in building costs. Clearly the increased cost of regulation is far outdistancing mere inflation in jacking up the price of new housing.

And it is the home buyer, not the builder, who is left holding the financial bag, notes Frieden. If anything, the taxes and fees increase the builder's profits.

"In today's situation of high demand for new homes, builders can successfully pass on to consumers the cost of complying with local regulations," he adds. "In practice, they treat development charges just like any other costs of doing business and add a profit percentage to it when they set the price of the home. So the consumer usually pays the development fee plus the customary builder's profit on top of it."



A 'master plan' is a subjective document the community can use to exclude undesirable elements.

the opponents of government regulation argue that the negative results far outweigh the positive.

For example, environmental impact statements can be used any way a community wants to use them to keep additional development out. The definitions of environmental impact change with every passing ecological fad. The removal of some or all of the trees in a stand has been necessary for most residential developments in the last hundred years. Today, plans to topple a single tree can cause the rejection of a developer's scheme, even though the intention is to plant a hundred trees after the property is developed.

The great cost of all this has been shown in a recent study by Professor Bernard J. Frieden of the Department of Urban Studies and Planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He found that in San Jose, California, many of the development requirements "originated in a political mood of increasing resistance to growth." Frieden's study showed that in some developments the cost of taxes and building fees rocketed 600 percent between 1968 and 1976, about six times as much as the increase in actual building costs. Another study

The proliferating government regulations also undermine some of the government's own social goals, especially in large cities. Most local governments have programs designed to assist in the rehabilitation of existing buildings, usually residential property, to provide low-cost housing. But trying to comply with building codes that are written for new housing makes it virtually impossible to rehabilitate some buildings, and extremely expensive to upgrade others. Building inspectors force rehabbers in Chicago to break into walls and replace existing wiring with wiring in a conduit, to conform to the code for new construction. They also demand plumbing changes that make the rehabilitation economically unfeasible.

The federal government's many programs to assist low-income and elderly people in finding safe and sanitary housing get little comfort from local governments determined to keep these people out. The municipal government of Arlington Heights, Illinois, fought a case to the Supreme Court to try to zone out a low-income housing development that would have diluted the predominantly caucasian character of the area.

Ironically, the government recognizes the housing shortage and has set up programs to remedy it. But even some of these programs are undermined by local regulation. Apartment housing, for example, is extremely attractive to young people. Rental units were the first home away-from-home for most of their parents. But, today, though the demand is great and the government offers incentives to encourage it, apartment development is virtually nonexistent in most areas of the country. The problem is that in areas where land is right for rental units, apartment construction is not welcome. Apartments don't fit in with single-family bedroom communities because they might attract singles, gays, unmarrieds living together, and other people without roots. At least, that is the thinking behind much zoning that bans apartment construction as "inappropriate to the master plan."

THE MASTER PLAN IS that very subjective document a community can use to deny entry to those it considers undesirable. Master plans are justified on the ground that a community must establish its own criteria for future growth so that "logic and order" prevail. But, "logic and order" usually means that only housing more expensive than the homes already in a community can be built, that apartment builders should look elsewhere and that the master plan is like the master race—only the best of the species shall be allowed to join the elite. The attitude is, "We're already inside. Pull up the drawbridge."

Recently, much stricter regulation has been imposed on condominium development, a last bastion of reasonably priced housing. Now a great number of legal documents must be drawn up and available to any prospective buyer who asks for them. In some areas engineering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eports also must be supplied in conversions to condo, attesting to the quality of building components—though such matters as how much longer the boiler will last are almost impossible to predict. This is called full disclosure, and the converter or developer naturally passes along his legal and consultant costs to the buyers.

The developer of condominium units must follow all the costly procedures that builders of single-family homes contend with, but more so. In many cases, the key to approval of a condo project is to grease the proper hands. (Of course, it can be a lot of grease; for instance, the former mayor of Lansing, Illinois, raked off $85,000 between 1970 and 1973 in payoffs on rezoning and annexation cases.)

Most of the scandals involving payoffs to local zoning officials have centered on efforts by developers to get approval to build condo projects. Because condos sell out and then are owned by their residents, condo developers know they have to pay off only once—not over a long period of years, as might be the case if they retained and rented apartments. For a one-time fee, passed along to buyers of the units, of course, they get their approvals, build, sell, and go elsewhere. Just another regulatory cost.

There is some evidence that a nationwide wave of resistance to overregulation is forming. President Carter has called on governors and mayors to do something about communities that halt development by refusing to expand their sewer systems. Carter also asked the officials to review requirements that developers donate facilities, as well as the number of permits they must obtain for a single project. Many realtors hope that Carter's message signals a new approach—less regulation rather than more.

The parents of those children born in the fifties may yet do their duty to their offspring and come to the rescue at the local level, believes Donald Hovde, head of the National Association of Realtors. "Attitudes are changing. The babies that we built so many schools for in the 1950s are now reaching home-buying age and finding that the no-growth philosophy of the last six to eight years has limited their chances to own a home. The parents of these young people are beginning to show a more responsible attitude toward reducing the regulation that keeps this essential housing from being built. That's because it is their children now who need access to shelter."

DISPATCH

ELLEN CANTAROW

West Bank town under house arrest

AHMAD (NOT HIS REAL name), a Palestinian farmer, lives with his wife and their twelve children in a tiny stone house off the main road in Halhoul, a farm town of 12,000 persons on the West Bank, some 40 kilometers south of Jerusalem. Early in the morning of March 14, 1979, Ahmad left his house as usual, riding his donkey some ten kilometers toward Jerusalem to his five-dunam plot of land in the Judean hills. While Ahmad was working his crops, a crowd of Halhoul young people gathered at the center of town; they were protesting the arrest of Muhammad Milhem, their mayor, and several city councilors by the Israeli military authorities the night before. This demonstration was the second that week. At the earlier gathering—staged to protest President Carter's arrival in Israel, the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, and the autonomy plan—demonstrators at one point threw stones at a bus passing along the Jerusalem-Hebron road. (It was apparently in retaliation for the stone-throwing that the Israeli military authorities arrested the town government.)

The March 14 demonstration wended its way down to the Jerusalem-Hebron road, where yet another traffic incident occurred. A car carrying residents from the Israeli settlement of Kiryat Arba, a ten-minute drive to the north of Halhoul, arrived on the scene and tried to force its way through the crowd. Another round of stone-throwing ensued, with tragic results. News accounts vary: Either Israeli soldiers, or passengers in the car, or both opened fire on the crowd. What is certain is that the gunfire killed two Halhoul youths, and that Israeli army troops immediately sealed the town off. The army imposed a 23-hour-a-day curfew that lasted sixteen days—the longest yet for any Palestinian town during the twelve-year history of Israel's occupation of the territories.

When Ahmad made his way home through the Israeli soldiery, he found his household in a state of terror. A door to his house had been battered in—the wood near the top was splintered through. The family says Israeli soldiers did that to force Ahmad's wife to open the house to them. His three-year-old was so frightened she wasn't speaking, and would not, the family claims, for weeks to come. Other misfortunes, says Ahmad's wife, befell the family during the fifteen days that followed. During curfew hours one day, the eldest daughter hazarded a journey down the steep stone steps that lead from the upper story of the house to the lower one where her grandmother lives, to take the old woman a loaf of bread. Almost instantly the dusty little courtyard in front of their stable was filled with soldiers. According to the family, the soldiers threw stones, shattering the upper-story windows. Another day, a four-year-old boy slipped out of the house and was stoned by soldiers. When I spoke with the family five months later, the mother thrust the child toward me and pointed at a scar that still showed on his forehead: "What can we do?" she implored. "We have no weapons. We are helpless. We can't defend ourselves."

The door to Ahmad's house was battered in, and he found his family in a state of terror.

Collective punishment is common on the West Bank. Last spring curfews were levied on the town of Beit Sahur, north of Halhoul, and on the Jalazoun refugee camp near Ramallah; Bir Zeit University, just beside Jalazoun, was closed from May till July, after a demonstration in which Israeli gunfire wounded several students.

Such punishments are legal under Israel's Emergency Security Laws. Tak-

ELLEN CANTAROW is a columnist for the Real Paper *in Boston and has written for* Mother Jones *and the* Village Voice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

en over wholesale in 1948 from the British, who enacted them to combat anti-British Zionist resistance and terrorism, the laws provide a wide range of sanctions: curfew, detention for prolonged periods without trial, the confiscation of lands, the closing of public institutions, and deportation. "The dialectic of occupation confounds Israel's professional Arabists and security experts," observed *New Statesman* Middle East correspondent Ian Black last spring, discussing the political impact of these laws. "Pupils whose schools are closed go back to studying in their home villages and Bir Zeit students are now preparing for exams with a zeal and self-discipline that no curriculum can impose. . . . Every curfew, every sealing of a house, every deportation or administrative detention strengthens Palestinian consciousness on the West Bank."

PUNISHMENTS LIKE THE curfew on Halhoul are only the most dramatic manifestations of a contest of national wills—the Israeli government's will to occupy and settle the territories, and the Palestinians' will to have their own state. The battleground is the land itself. It is pure southern Mediterranean, handmade stone walls marching steeply up the hills in irregular ridges, enclosing rectangles of red-brown earth blotted with the dark green of grapevines and fruit trees, the paler silver-green of olives. This is peasant land; the crops are the work of generations of Palestinian farmers like Ahmad. But during the curfew, Milhem told me, the farmers couldn't get out to spray their crops with pesticides and so between 30 and 40 percent of the year's yield was lost.

Israeli settlements are interspersed with Arab villages along the road to Halhoul—well-tended apartment blocks, cubicles, and slabs rising from the Judean hills, invariably surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by armed Israeli soldiers. The disposition of the settlements, which "seed" the countryside, as it were, reminds one of a statement by Matityahu Drobles, head of the World Zionist Organization's Department for Rural Settlement, in a 1978 document entitled "Master Plan for the Development of Settlements in Judea and Samaria, 1979–1983." "The disposition of the settlements," writes Drobles, "must be carried out not only *around* the settlements of the minorities [by "settlements" Drobles is referring to towns and villages centuries old, like Hebron and Nablus, and by "minorities" he means Arabs] but also *in between* them." Drobles's purported rationale for this particular configuration is that "over the course of time, with or without peace, we will have to learn to live *with* the minorities and *among them,* while fostering good-neighborly relations."

The distribution of the settlements cuts the Arab towns and cities geopolitically; it blocks actual physical continuity of contact. And so a very different interpretation from Drobles's "friendly coexistence" theory can be made for the pattern of Israel's West Bank settlements. The day after the curfew was imposed on Halhoul a senior officer of the military government observed to a *Ha'aretz* reporter, "There is an intention to tear Judea from Samaria, in order to disrupt the bonds and the political link-up between Samaria . . . and Judea." Commenting on that remark Israel Shahak, head of the Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights, observed that "the tendency to divide the West Bank and Gaza into small fragments is clear. . . . "

The town's entire water supply now runs in a three-inch pipeline from a hostile Israeli settlement.

The day I spoke with Ahmad's family and with the mother of one of the youths slain on March 14, I went with Milhem to a hilltop in Halhoul from which one can see Gush Etzion, an Israeli settlement just to the south. Kiryat Arba lies to the north. From this perspective the Israeli settlements seemed far less testimonies to friendly coexistence, and more like armed camps at the ready to grip Halhoul in a vise. "The settlements," observed Milhem, "are a cancer in our midst. A cancer can kill one man. But this cancer can kill a whole people."

The metaphor was an obvious reference to land seizures by the occupation authorities, the most recent of which was Israel's taking this fall of land near Nablus for the Israeli settlement Elon Moreh. One of the commonest experiences of Palestinian towns on the West Bank is land confiscation. Kiryat Arba, for instance, sits on 1200 dunams of land that used to belong to the town of Hebron. Tequ'a, a settlement in the district of Bethlehem, is on land that belonged to the village of Rafidia; the settlement Migdal Oz in the district of Hebron was established in 1976 on a 50-dunam plot that belonged to the village of Beit Ummar.

AS FOR LAND CONFISCATION, said Milhem, as we stood on the hillside discussing the settlements, so far Halhoul has escaped the fate of many of the Arab towns around it. But what has not taken place above ground in Halhoul has taken place beneath. Halhoul's water used to come from an underground well that it shared with Hebron. Before the municipal elections of 1976, which brought into office a group of militant mayors including Halhoul's Milhem and Nablus's Bassam al-Shaka, the mayors of Halhoul and Hebron agreed—under pressure by the military government—to give up their independent water supply and connect with the central Israeli source controlled by the Kiryat Arba settlement. So it is that Halhoul now has its entire supply of water running in a three-inch pipeline from a hostile Israeli settlement.

The geopolitical situation lends itself easily to murder and vandalism: A rash of civilian acts of vandalism occurred last spring. Settlers—two from Kiryat Arba were later charged with the deed—uprooted several acres of grapevines belonging to farmers from Hebron which is adjacent to the Israeli settlement. Kiryat Arba residents also broke into several Arab houses in Hebron and wrecked them. The most recent act of vandalism by Jewish settlers took place November 28, when men from the Israeli West Bank settlement of Shiloh invaded and destroyed property in the UN-sponsored girls' school in the Jalazoun refugee camp.

More distressing to the inhabitants of Halhoul than random acts of civilian violence is the debilitating dependence that is the everyday reality of military rule. Like other Palestinian towns, Halhoul is a virtual ward of the Israeli authorities. All sales and purchases of certain basic supplies, like spare parts for water pumps, are controlled by the military government. In many jobs one's security also depends on the military authorities. For instance the governor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

n fire or transfer teachers at will, as he d in the case of one of Halhoul's city uncilors who was ordered to move m his teaching job in Halhoul to one a much smaller town some distance vay. It was also the military govern-ent that rejected the town's proposal r a wholesale vegetable and fruit mar-t. Funds for the market had already me through, says Milhem, partly from ivate sources in Kuwait and partly m American Near East Refugee Aid, private charitable organization. ilhem estimates that the market ould have brought in 1.5 million raeli pounds a year.

According to Milhem the military vernment's aim is to keep the town vernment cowed and impotent: They want daily to try to make us fail, make the people think we can't do ything for them, to reject our proj-ts," he said. What enrages the mayor the town's beholdenness to the mili-ry government for everything—from aving one's identity card checked when aveling home from one's own fields, to eing turned down for economic proj-ts like the market. Thus he and his wnspeople fume when the autonomy lan is mentioned.

Israel's "autonomy" would give alestinians jurisdiction over persons ut not territory, and in practical terms is would mean a continuation of the atus quo. Last spring journalist Danny ubinstein observed in the Israeli news-aper *Davar* that under the plan Israel ould maintain sovereignty over land nd water resources in the territories; raelis would still head the office of bandoned and State Property, which ntrols lands confiscated for settle-ents and military use; they would still ead the customs office, still keep watch er the stream of Arab traffic back and rth over the bridge to Jordan, and still ead the major ministries and depart-ents—education, transport, statistics, ectricity, welfare, and the interior.

Instead of such a sham autonomy, alhoul's townspeople want home-own economic vitality and real home le. Of these they already have some diments. There is the land itself, hich produces an abundance of apes, apples, and peaches and which ets the town some 500 million Israeli ounds yearly. Narrow shops selling uits and vegetables line the main thor-ughfare, and in a total of sixty stores ne-third of the townspeople earn a liv-g. There are two industrial firms in alhoul. A garment factory employs out forty women and turns out goods destined for West Bank sale. Another factory makes the boxes in which the town's produce gets packed. But without a wholesale market and new roads, it is impossible to develop more than a very primitive system for distributing the town's crops.

During the past twelve years it has

become increasingly difficult to wrest a living from the land on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Water rights are not secure, higher salaries are available in Israel, and Israeli policies have restricted marketing facilities and investment in land and agriculture. The number of farm workers has dropped from 44,000 to 31,000 in 1975.

To help make ends meet, Ahmad travels to Tel Aviv between crop seasons and works in construction. He goes off in the early hours of the morning and returns to Halhoul in the evening in a battered Arab bus. Such workers—and there are thousands of them—are not permitted to stay in Israel overnight, and they get fined and jailed if they do so.

*DAILY LIFE FOR THE PALES-*tinians is different from that of their Jewish neighbors. The roads of Halhoul are buckling in places, and some are virtually unpaved. There are new houses going up in Halhoul to replace sixty that the Israeli military bulldozed in 1968 to avenge the killing of an Israeli soldier by a Halhoul resident. But these are rising slowly, and at private expense. In Kiryat Arba, in contrast, the streets are newly paved. The three-to-five-room flats—underwritten by the Israeli government—are modest (most Israeli apartments aren't up to American standards), but they are extremely comfortable, newly painted, and in good repair—with modern plumbing.

After last summer there was a deceptive lull in political activities on the West Bank. Then, in November, came the attack by the Shiloh settlers on the Jalazoun girls' school. Several days later the settlers returned to the school, abducted a student, and took her to military headquarters for questioning. (Both attacks are said to have been provoked when youths from Jalazoun threw stones at passing Israeli vehicles.) Such violence has continued through December. In the West Bank town of Beit Ummar, Israeli security forces threw tear-gas canisters and fired warning shots to break up a funeral procession that was mourning a local PLO official recently assassinated in Cyprus. At Bir Zeit University, clashes between Arab students and Israeli soldiers resulted in the arrests of thirteen students. According to William Claiborne, writing in the *Washington Post*, Mayor Milhem recently told foreign journalists that he fears for his life because of reports that civilian vigilantes from Kiryat Arba have sworn to kill him. Just before Milhem confided his fears to the press, a group of Kiryat Arba settlers burst into a Halhoul store and beat up the owner and a mukhtar (a local political authority)—allegedly to retaliate for stone-throwing by Halhoul teenagers.

Early in December, Nablus's mayor Bassam al-Shaka was arrested, and his deportation seemed imminent. A PLO-endorsed resignation by West Bank and Gaza mayors—including Muhammed Milhem of Halhoul—forced his release. But no sooner did the mayors make their collective show of strength than Israel put two of them on trial for allegedly shoving an Israeli police sergeant in a courtroom more than a year ago. Mayors Kalim Khalef of Ramallah and Ibrahim Tawil of El Bireh assert their innocence, but conviction on the assault charge could mean dismissal from their posts. Of the larger politics surrounding the trial Khalef observed: "The Israelis' plan is to impose autonomy rule on our people. They are trying to get rid of some mayors and impose autonomy." Mayor Milhem is also threatened with trial for alleged administrative irregularities.

Since the attempt to deport Shaka,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reports Claiborne, "Sharply divided political forces on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip [have begun] to pull together as never before." After Shaka's release, the Arab leaders in the occupied territories held a series of banquets, meetings, and receptions that has sent tremors through the military occupation. "In an apparent effort to undermine the new-found political alliance between the West Bank political establishment and leaders in the Gaza Strip," reports Claiborne, "the government ordered a ban on travel by Gaza mayor Rahid Sahwa and his municipal council." Claiborne reports that some military officials want all political meetings banned, others would tolerate them "as long as they do not become seditious." Of course, the definition of sedition, like the definition of other notions, including that of a homeland and who has the right to one, lies with the Israeli government. So does all legal authority.

The ban on all travel by the mayor of Gaza, like the arrest of Shaka and the trial of Khalef and Tawil, can be seen as part of an overall Israeli design to keep the West Bank Palestinians in a state of political and economic subordination. On November 11 the Israeli cabinet renewed its pledge to continue building in the territories, saying new settlements would be confined to "state-owned" land. But the distinction between "state-owned" and "private" land is senseless on the West Bank. Much of the land owned by farmers like Ahmad is *miri* land—public domain that under Jordanian law was considered the private property of whoever farmed it for three consecutive years. Such private ownership is often documented only in the old feudal way: by common village agreement, and in the minds of those who farm it. But under Israeli law it is "public," hence, up for grabs.

• • •

In Mayor Milhem's living room hangs a small oil painting. An idyllic countryside surrounds a little domed house in the old Arab style you rarely see anymore, a house like the ones bulldozed in Halhoul eleven years ago. A woman in traditional dress stands looking off towards the hills that rise peacefully in the distance. At her feet chickens peck at grain in a little yard. That quiet idyll seems a tribute to existential faith, while throughout the real countryside beyond the mayor's house the contest between Israel's will to rule the West Bank and the Palestinians' will to form an independent state continues unabated.

POLITICS

JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

The balanced budget and Jerry Brown

A CONSTITUTIONAL CONvention to propose a balanced-budget amendment is no longer just a possibility; instead it is an imminent reality. Thirty of the required thirty-four states have passed resolutions calling for such a convention should Congress fail to pass a balanced-budget amendment for the states to ratify.

More than seventy different constitutional amendments dealing with deficit spending were introduced in the first session of this Congress. Hoping to allay pressure for a convention, the Subcommittee on the Constitution of the Senate Judiciary Committee held hearings and approved a proposed amendment.

In 1980, eighteen of the twenty legislatures that have not called for such a convention will be in session, and chances are excellent that the resolution will pass in several states, perhaps in the required four. And, as the total number of the states having passed such resolutions approaches thirty-four, the pressure will become greater on Congress to act to avoid what many insist would become a constitutional crisis.

The question has already become an issue in the presidential campaign, where, among Democrats, Jerry Brown is the sole supporter of the amendment. This has brought severe criticism down on him, but his critics' complaints display a double standard about the role of public opinion in a democracy. Brown's support for a constitutional convention to propose a balanced-budget amendment has been widely interpreted as crass demagoguery. The *New York Times,* the *Washington Star,* the *New Republic,* the *Progressive,* and now *Inquiry* (Jan 7 & 21, 1980), have all attacked Brown's position as an unseemly attempt to curry favor with the voters. The news media expressed a similar attitude toward Brown's shift of position on Proposition 13. After a large majority of California's voters endorsed that substantial cut in property taxes—a cut he had opposed—Brown undertook, with fair diligence, to make the plan work. The media responded as though it would have been more proper and honorable for the governor to frustrate and defy the clear wishes of his constituents.

Few would openly contend that the voters' views on the issues ought to mean nothing, or that the only function of voters in the political system should be to anoint one politician rather than another. But most persons who command power in America—whether media figures, politicians, big businessmen, or labor leaders—prefer to regard the relationship of popular opinion to governmental decisionmaking as undefined. This enables them to shift their attitude toward public opinion as expedience dictates. When a majority agrees with a view they advocate, that view is invested with moral authority. "The will of the people" should prevail. But if the majority is on the other side, these influentials defend "the courage to

do what is right, even though it is unpopular."

We know how the American people feel about a balanced-budget amendment. The opinion polls of 1979 show that 65 percent—Roper's findings in July 1979—or more, according to other pollsters, back such an amendment.

The attacks on Brown tell us two things: that the media by and large disapprove of the majority's views on balanced budgets and tax reduction, and that they see Brown's support for the more popular view on these questions as dangerous. The establishment is not really worried about what is called Jerry Brown's opportunism; the real fear is that he is sincere in espousing these positions, or that he takes public mandate seriously. Brown is feared because he might actually effect change—by shifting the institutional arrangement of the budget process—which would badly damage dozens of powerful spending constituencies.

JAMES DALE DAVIDSON is chairman of the National Taxpayers Union.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS THINGS NOW STAND, deficits are almost inevitable. Most members of Congress wish o be reelected, and deficit spending pro- ides a shortcut to that goal; it makes the enefits of increased appropriations vailable immediately to special constit- encies while postponing and disguising he costs. When deficit spending is inanced by the sale of bonds to the anking system, its costs surface wher- ver the consumer shops: Money is rinted to take up the shortfall in the udget, and as more money comes into irculation the value of each dollar goes lown.

If elected officials were to levy in- reased taxes to support increased pending, the political costs would be rohibitive. But once inflation is accept- ed as a permanent fact of life, it can be manipulated, like a marionette on a string, to finance a portion of the budget and thus deceive constituents. As Professors James Buchanan and Richard Wagner have written, the people think "their real income is declining not because the government collects more real taxes, but because private firms charge higher prices for their products." Therefore much of the political pressure provoked by the inflation that accompanies increased government spending is directed not toward politicians, but toward businesses and labor unions, whose higher prices and increased wage settlements appear to be the cause of the consumers' woes.

When excessive spending is paid for through genuine borrowing, part of the cost is shifted to the future, to be borne by later generations whose taxes will redeem today's debts. This also muffles the political impact of the spending. Members of Congress are in effect sending the overdue bills to persons who are currently too young to vote, or not yet born.

One way or another, deficit spenders attempt to evade full accountability for the costs of their spending. Year after year, as deficits increase, people assume that this will continue to occur no matter who happens to be in office. Deficit spending is built into national politics, and obviously Congress is not eager to find a remedy. It is not surprising that those who want to change this pattern would come to recognize that only an outside restraint such as a balanced-budget rule in the Constitution is likely to change the situation.

FOR THE LAST FIFTY years, at least on the national level, clever politicians, especially among the Democrats, have pretended that ever-increasing spending is in the public interest. This makes good political sense, given the present organization of government. As long as constituencies that benefit from expanded spending can obtain subsidies in exchange for their political support, politicians will cater to them and make deals. This is of course encouraged by the existence of mechanisms for obscuring the costs of such deals—and one major beneficiary has been the bureaucracy.

Even when money is spent in the most flagrantly absurd ways, the pretense is still that each additional dollar distributed has somehow represented a triumph of social justice. But voters are coming to see the matter somewhat differently, and to recognize that the costs of inflationary deficit spending may exceed the benefits. Inflation and high taxes effectively prohibit the accumulation of capital by those who do not now have it. Over the last decade, as inflation has raged out of control, taxes have increased to unprecedented levels. Only three families in ten have profited from the redistribution arising out of expansionary deficit spending; the other seven have actually experienced a decline in purchasing power.

Prominent among those who have profited from inflationary policies are government employees. The *New York Times* reports that compensation for government blue-collar workers is often twice that of persons performing similar functions outside of government. A

The will of the people

Big spenders attack Brown as "unprincipled" because he champions spending limits, a position supported by overwhelming majorities. And the big spenders are doubly distraught because the means by which Brown would impose these limits is institutional reform of current budgetary procedures.

At issue is the question of whether and to what extent the outcomes of the political process represent "the will of the people." Prior to the American and French revolutions, which placed new political emphasis on "the people," Edmund Burke and other parliamentarians argued that the representative stood above the wishes of his constituents. Under the concept of representation professed by Burke's opponents, the electorate in any given parliamentary constituency expected its representative to be bound by the views of the district. This is precisely what adherents of Burke's ideas on representation wished to avoid.

Charles Fox proclaimed his independence as a representative forthrightly when he told the House of Commons: "I pay no regard whatever to the voice of the people: it is our duty to do what is proper, without considering what is agreeable; their business is to choose us; it is ours to act constitutionally and maintain the independence of the Parliament." Outraged by these sentiments, a mob upset his carriage, hurled mud, stones, and oranges at him, and rolled him in the gutter.

Burke, to mollify an electorate he feared was infected with the democratic enthusiasms of the French Revolution, elaborated a defense of Fox's position by drafting the first political platform; it promised specific public benefits if Burke's party (the Rockingham Whigs) gained office. Burke's introduction of the party platform promoted the illusion that politicians, far from being narrowly self-seeking, were devoted to deciding public issues from the standpoint of the public good. According to this theory, the politician does not really conduct himself so as to maximize his personal rewards. Rather, political choices are determined by what the politicians understand to be "the merits of the issues."

Naive though it is, this view is still with us. Political debates are conducted as if the primary concern of each politician were the public's well-being.

The more cynical—and better informed—recognize that nothing in politics is rarer than a politician changing his vote because of an argument based on the merits of an issue. The politician who is moved out of genuine conviction to embrace a position that does little good to his career is most likely one who has already qualified for his pension. Ideas mean nothing to most of our public servants. This fact is so obvious that it would be impossible to proceed with any serious political action without taking it into account, and no successful lobbyist or pressure group neglects it—*J.D.D.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commerce Department survey shows that in fifty-two of fifty-nine industries, average federal pay exceeds that in the private sector. This disparity is magnified by extraordinarily generous federal pension benefits and other "perks," including massive overtime pay.

Government pension benefits are completely indexed against inflation, whereas in the private sector the average pension benefit will in five years be worth half of its current value, given the present rate of depreciation of the dollar. Even someone who is at the bottom of the ladder in the federal government can retire at age 55 after thirty years of service and receive twice the maximum receivable under social security—which does not pay out benefits until age 65. And government employees pay no social security taxes.

Furthermore, the bureaucrat retiring under one program can go right back to work in another part of government and collect a salary in addition to his pension benefits. One twenty-year veteran of the Secret Service, for example, collects $31,200 annually in retirement benefits, all the while receiving $47,205 a year in salary from HEW. He is only one of almost 200,000 such double dippers. Social Security pensioners, on the other hand, have their benefits trimmed if they earn more than $4,500 a year.

Those who are economically sophisticated may, through clever investments, be able to preserve their assets in times of inflation. But the poor and the economically untutored lack the capital and know-how necessary to participate in effective hedges against inflation. They don't purchase gold bullion, collect fine paintings, or even—in most cases—own their own homes. In short, they lack access to the system of credit and are unable to take advantage of the fact that inflation increases the value of tangible assets. And they are certainly in no position to reap profits from the fluctuations of the dollar on foreign exchange markets. The average American is always a buyer of dollars. The inflation that robs his money of value must rob him.

If inflation has ever had long-term beneficiaries, historically, they have been the most powerful interests. One economic historian shed light on this matter while describing the consequences of the great German inflation of the 1920s:

> The inflation worked to the advantage of the great firms, which could profit more easily from the changeable conditions of the market, adapting sale price to the monetary depreciation, using bank credit and directing to their own advantage the economic and financial policy of the capitalist state. . . . great firms that secured considerable quantities on the foreign exchange and these, profiting from higher purchasing power of foreign exchange in Germany, bought under favorable conditions industrial companies, packets of shares, land and buildings.

This advantage was by no means lost upon the corporate leaders of the time. In September 1922, with inflation already acute, the Reich Association of German Industry offered a resolution of praise to the Reich printing office for its accomplishment in grinding out 1.9 billion marks each day.

WE DO NOT AS YET SEE corporate leaders in America explicitly congratulating the Congress when its deficits reach a new height or hailing the Federal Reserve when it increases the money supply to accommodate those deficits. But many elements of the business community do welcome the deficits and the inflation. They recognize that the conversion of America into a debt economy reduces competition at home and abroad. It makes all but impossible the accumulation of capital by new enterprises seeking to compete with existing firms. And as it drives the value of the dollar down, it makes the purchase of Volkswagens and Toyotas more costly in America—which is why Jerry Brown got a frosty reception when he took his campaign for a mandated balanced budget to the Economic Club of Detroit.

Much of the corporate community feels that it is desirable to support the expansionary fiscal policies of government. That opposition to the balanced-budget amendment is financed by elements of the Business Roundtable group should come as no surprise. "If Keynes had not lived," said the editors of *Harper's* recently, he "would have been invented by latter-day politicians desperate for a highbrow theory that could avoid the messier problems of unemployment and provide riches to the business community living from the government trough."

The kind of government we get when politicians are not held responsible for what becomes of the taxpayers' money is undoubtedly different from the kind we would get if they were compelled to account for it honestly and openly. Exactly how different is a matter for speculation and debate. Clearly a balanced-budget rule would lead to an overall reduction in government spending. Whether relatively more of the cuts would come out of social programs than from public works or the military is a matter that has scarcely been analyzed—except perhaps by the spending constituencies themselves. These constituencies, almost without exception, seem to have concluded that the expenditures on which they thrive are tolerated only through the deception of an unbalanced budget. Thus these beneficiaries of big spending stand shoulder to shoulder in opposition to a constitutional amendment that would subject their programs, even indirectly, to more public scrutiny.

And their political champions stand with them. The President is opposed. So is the Speaker of the House. And Lane Kirkland. And Senator Edward M. Kennedy, whose policies are often considered, mistakenly, to represent some sort of alternative to those currently pursued.

Those who would fend off a balanced-budget requirement whatever the vehicle have also struck a fundamental blow at the concept of popular sovereignty by attacking the idea of a constitutional convention to impose that requirement. Although a convention would have far more limited powers than Congress, it would be less predictably dominated by a power elite. Seniority would mean nothing, and there would be no incumbency advantage. Special constituencies could not control key committee members and thus shape the deliberations of a convention. Convention delegates elected for the sole purpose of addressing the balanced-budget question, would be much more likely than Congress to represent the views of the public at large which is exactly what special constituencies do not want.

The opportunity to replace politicians periodically is obviously not enough of a rein on government spending. Without a convention how could ordinary people ever bring the welfare-warfare state under control? In the absence of institutional change there has been no way to limit its many excesses—foremost among them the bloated provisions for military spending. Jerry Brown is right in wanting to convene a constitutional convention to propose a balanced-budget amendment. If he sees his advantage in promoting the popular desire to reduce inflation and lower taxes this should not be despised but applauded.

By joining the crusade for a balanced-budget amendment, Jerry Brown may be the first Democratic politician to offer a way out. Brown has staked his political future on the belief that people are ready for a revolutionary remedy. He may well turn out to be correct. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THESE STORIES WERE TOO HOT FOR THE NETWORKS OR THE NEWSPAPERS.

Just what kind of news stories are considered too hot for public consumption by the daily papers, weekly newsmagazines, and television and radio networks?

They're the stories that deal with the power-plays behind the news you do get... stories that are passed over in silence, or buried quickly ...stories that government, advertisers, and media management attempt to suppress or divert into less threatening channels.

The news, in short, that calls into question the credibility and practices of the news media themselves.

Two years ago a small group of dedicated and vigilant journalists in the nation's capital started a magazine to uncover this news and make it available not only to their fellow journalists, but to everybody with more than a superficial interest in the news.

It's the Washington Journalism Review. Every issue of WJR contains thoughtful, lively, and provocative analyses by some of the most responsible journalists and public figures in the country today. Men and women such as Edwin Diamond, Nicholas von Hoffman, Shirley Chisholm, Daniel Schorr, Ron Powers, Jane Perlez, Dom Bonafede, Rudy Maxa, Eugene McCarthy and Ellen Sachar.

Just a few of the stories that these journalistic luminaries and their colleagues have brought to light during the past two years...

- The Senator who showed up drunk at a 10 a.m. meeting of the Senate Banking Committee... and the *New York Times* reporter who did not file the story because she knew from previous experience that it would be killed by an anxious editor.
- The continuing charm of sometimes-indicted but always-smiling Mr. Koreagate, Tongsun Park... and the *Newsweek* bureau chief so bowled over by it that he toasted Mr. Park as "a man who understands the American political system better than most Americans."
- The *Washington Post's* exclusive on the confessions of ex-Senator Maryon Allen... and the two major wire services that were intimidated into *not* running the story.
- Those Congressmen and Congresswomen who are constantly courting the media... and the noteworthy success of the forty who either own outright or own stock in newspapers, television and radio stations worth $20,000,000.
- The faster pace, livelier patter, and prettier faces on TV news shows... and the steadily diminishing amount of what you are watching and listening for in the first place: hard news.
- The CBS reporter who found out how Billy Carter's gas station received an "emergency" 25,000-gallon allocation... and why he is no longer working for CBS.

These are the stories you need to make sense of the news you get from conventional sources. These stories are the news behind the news. You won't find them in newspapers or on television. But you can keep these stories coming your way by subscribing to WJR now.

It's an especially auspicious time to do so. A new decade and a Presidential election are coming up, and the news behind the news will undoubtedly play an important role in both. Furthermore, you can take advantage of the special WJR anniversary rate and enjoy a substantial savings.

If you are perplexed by who and what makes news, and who and what does not, and by the impact that selection process has on your life, then WJR will unravel the puzzle. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Or write: Washington Journalism Review, 3122 M Street, NW, Washington, DC 20007.

BUT NOT FOR THE WASHINGTON JOURNALISM REVIEW.

012

WJR **Mail to: Washington Journalism Review**
3122 M Street, NW, Washington, DC 20007

Yes, I want to keep up with the news behind the news. Please enter my subscription to WJR at the special anniversary rate of one year (ten issues) at $13.97. That's $6 off the newsstand price, $2 off the regular subscription price. I may cancel my subscription at any time and receive a prompt refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me, please.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gonzo Politics in Texas

How wine, women, and vengeance became a way of life for a political reformer in high office. ☆☆☆

By BILL COLLIER

*CHRISTMAS DAY, 1976. I WAS SPEND-*ing the day alone at a rented farmhouse, broke, broken by a nasty divorce, trying not be be miserable, concentrating on cleaning the wild duck I had shot that morning on the pond out back. The crunch of tires on gravel, sound of the door opening: In walked my employer and friend Bob Bullock, state comptroller, one of Texas' most powerful officials, and his constant companion, a bottle of Old Charter bourbon.

"I knew I'd find you out here cryin'," Bullock said.

"I wasn't crying," I protested.

No matter. We had drinks. Bullock told of a horrible Christmas he spent alone and sick in a run-down hotel room after one of his divorces. Then about another Christmas when he and other misfits got together to cheer each other up but he wound up hiding in a back room so he could cry unnoticed.

We both cried. We had more drinks. "I love you like a brother," Bullock said. He gave me the bottle and fifty dollars and saw me off to San Angelo where, he reminded me, a woman who cared about me was waiting. He was right, and it was a good Christmas after all. The woman is my wife now, and she and our baby sleep in the next room as I write this. I know I owe this happiness at least in part to Bob Bullock.

I never felt closer to a man than I did to Bullock on that day. And yet, less than two years later, I was voluntarily testifying in a grand jury probe of his office. The charges: misuse of state money, equipment, and employees on a grand scale, systematic evasion of state laws on spending, and using the powers of the office to help friends and punish enemies.

There couldn't have been an uglier end to a story that began so well. Bullock campaigned long and hard to win the statewide election in 1974, and when he won made dramatic improvements, a one-man fury of reform that attracted a swarm of idealistic young liberals to his staff. The comptroller is—some say—the single mightiest official in Texas; we thought we could really have an impact. Bullock himself wanted to make the comptroller's office the most efficient, the most fair-minded operation in state government.

But somewhere it all went wrong; the temptations of the office proved too much for us. From drinking and partying on state time to celebrate our achievements, we moved on to misleading the legislature and other state officials and then on to plotting how to use the power of the office to settle Bullock's personal grudges. The "reforms" were illusory. Along the way Bullock himself turned into a bitterly vindictive man further and further detached from reality, finally sitting in his office jabbing hatpins into a Haitian voodoo doll labeled with the names of his real and imagined enemies. (When he reads this, I suppose my name will go on the doll, too.)

Bullock never talked much about his past, but the few stories he did tell about his childhood were bizarre, to say the very least. There was the time he shot a buzzard and it threw up on him. There was the time he shot a man's house full of holes (fortunately, no one was at home). And, in an episode still legendary in his home town of Hillsboro, Bullock urinated in the pepper sauce at the school cafeteria, which shut the school down for a day while everybody went out for health tests and tetanus shots. I'm not sure of the veracity of any of these stories, but I've always thought it was revealing that Bullock himself tells them, true or not.

From such unpromising beginnings, Bullock somehow made it through Texas Tech University and Baylor Law School, a local bad boy made good—an image he successfully perpetuated at the state level. Bullock won two terms in the Texas House of Representatives from his tiny Central Texas home town of Hillsboro in 1956 and 1958. In 1959, he resigned his House seat to work for then House Speaker Byron Tunnell for two years. Then came several years as lobbyist and counsel for the Texas Automobile Dealers Association and for Wanda Petroleum Company of Houston. Attorney General Crawford Martin put Bullock in charge of his new antitrust and consumer protection division in 1967, where he was credited with some successful consumer litigation. The following year, he joined the campaign staff of Lieutenant

BILL COLLIER is a journalist in Austin, Texas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Governor Preston Smith, who was in the process of winning the Texas governor's race. Bullock became known as a hard-nosed, hard-working, and successful fund-raiser for Smith, who also used him as appointments secretary and legal counsel.

In 1971, Smith named Bullock Texas secretary of state. The appointment marked the beginning of a new era for Bullock, one in which he sought respectability as the platform for a political future on his own rather than as someone else's employee. Although the job had few powers, Bullock wrung from it far more personal publicity than any secretary of state before or since. As the state's chief elections officer he played dead for a lawsuit overturning Texas' restrictive primary system, which endeared him to liberals.

And he also carefully cultivated a popular image with the insular state capitol press corps. Reporters, myself included, delighted in giving Bullock more coverage than he deserved, for two reasons: His causes were popular with the press, and his statements were wonderfully quotable. Bullock became the hands-down master of the daily one-page press release on timely subjects, full of colorful, biting, tough-guy one-liners. (One Thanksgiving Day he issued a press release asking "all Democrats to join with me in a silent moment of thanks to Big John Connally" for joining the Republican party. Connally had switched to the GOP three years before and hadn't done anything at all to provoke the press release, but that didn't stop it from being widely used.)

At the same time, Bullock spent endless hours with reporters at their watering holes, regaling them with hilariously funny or eyebrow-lifting tales of his past. He told of taking money from the white supremacy lobby, among many others, while serving as a representative. He told of skimming state admissions-tax money while operating a lounge in East Texas. He told of riding with Preston Smith in corrupt Duval County in South Texas (the county that put Lyndon Johnson into the U.S. Senate with votes from the graveyard) when George Parr, the late "Duke of Duval," handed Smith a check for $5,000. "Why, George, this check's written on the school district," Bullock recalled Smith saying. When Smith wouldn't take it, Parr ordered the car stopped at the next bank, cashed the check, and gave Smith the cash. Bullock also liked to talk about how narrowly he avoided the bank scandal that enveloped and ruined Smith. Bullock said he and another key Smith aide were angry that the governor had not cut them in on a stock deal in which Smith made over $60,000 and which connected him to the subsequent scandal. They were about to confront Smith to ask to be let in on future deals when the scandal broke.

Bullock told these stories to newspaper reporters and got clean away with it. The thrust of it all was that he had been down that old bad road, but had learned the evil of his ways and was now a new man. "Stealing is out this year," he would often say. Many reporters grudgingly liked Bullock and admired his honesty. (Later, of course, some of these reporters found out Bullock could turn ugly in the face of criticism. One such was Sam Kinch Jr. of the *Dallas Morning News,* who sniped at Bullock for years. In 1979, when Bullock had a hemorrhoid operation, he chopped up some oysters and sent them in a jar to Kinch, claiming they were his hemorrhoids.)

In 1973, Bullock began the long, tiring campaign that eventually put him in the comptroller's office. The incumbent, octogenarian Robert Calvert, practically invited a challenge by his unimaginative, ineffective administration and by making widely quoted racist remarks. Calvert decided to retire and tried to anoint his aide Hugh Edburg as successor. But Edburg was a political novice, and Bullock swept him aside in the Democratic primary and went on to an easy victory in November 1974 over a Republican whose only claim to fame was that he had been a prisoner of war in Vietnam.

When Bullock took office, nobody was prepared for what was in the offing. Everyone knew Calvert would be an easy act to follow, but nobody anticipated the explosion Bullock made on the state political scene. Even before he was sworn in, he fired Calvert's top thirty-three aides and got generally favorable reviews for it. After he actually began serving in January 1975, it seemed there were daily news releases on people he hired, new ills he found in the office and what he was doing to correct them, matters pending before the legislature that convened in January, and so on. The press ate it up. Bullock, warming to his new god-like image, once issued a press release saying simply that on that day he had done nothing—and the news media used it.

"Stealing is out this year," Bullock often told reporters.

THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE IN TEXAS packs tremendous clout. Not only does the comptroller administer the collection of the twenty-one major state taxes, but he has the unheralded yet supremely powerful job of estimating state revenues. The Texas constitution has a "pay as you go" clause that declares the legislature shall not write a bill appropriating a single penny more than the comptroller estimates will be collected during the appropriation period. Bullock immediately saw the advantage in this and was able to use it to pry anything he wanted out of the legislature.

Here is how it would work: Bullock's revenue estimators tell him there will be, say, $5 billion available for the two-year appropriations bill. Bullock tells them to keep it to themselves. Then he makes a public announcement, before the legislative session, that there will be $4.7 billion available. All during the six-month session, spending pressures build. Then toward the end, Bullock meets with the lieutenant governor, the House speaker, and the key budget writers and explains how he could up the ante by $200 million if he just had the budget to do a better tax collection job. They, of course, see the wisdom in this. Bullock even has $100 million left over as a cushion against error or to increase his estimate once again in the final hours of the session. Using this tactic effectively in 1975, 1977, and 1979, Bullock has nearly tripled his budget in four years: $16.5 million in 1975 to $46 million in 1979. Even while his office was under grand jury investigation for, among other things, uncontrolled spending, Bullock earlier this year was able to get virtually everything he requested in his budget for 1980–81.

Shortly after he took office, Bullock discovered a grand new tool—the raid. In a routine research of the comptroller's statutory authority, an assistant discovered an unused power: The comptroller and his agents could shut down any retailer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delinquent in paying state sales taxes and haul off the assets for sale at public auction to satisfy the debt. Bullock ordered a computer run to find out who the delinquents were and was amazed to find there were 70,000 of them statewide, who owed a total of some $60 million. Many of the debts were tiny. And many of the businesses were closed. But a substantial number of retailers were still in operation, thumbing their noses at the state over amounts ranging up to several hundred thousand dollars. So Bullock staged a dramatic series of sales tax "raids" across the state, personally leading those in Houston and Dallas.

They were a publicity coup beyond a politician's wildest dreams. The news media were carefully tipped in advance and would arrive at the same time as the comptroller's agents.

"Reforms" were often nothing but self-promotion.

Bullock would stroll into the place of business, followed by dozens of newspaper, radio, and television reporters. While tapes and cameras rolled and pencils scribbled, he demanded payment: If it was not made, then he ordered the place closed down. Cameras recorded the locks being changed and the assets being hauled away, while Bullock moved on to the next business. It was the best show in town wherever it went, always the lead item on the evening news and the front page. Public support was near total. Bullock wasn't picking on the guy next door who happened to beat Uncle Sam out of some hard-earned salary that was supposed to have gone for income tax; these were crooks pocketing sales tax collected from others—"*your* pennies, nickels and dimes," as the comptroller liked to say. Before the news media tired of the game, they made Bullock as well known as the governor and probably more popular, at least for a while.

Better yet, the raids and Bullock's other new programs got results—or seemed to, anyway. Although the several hundred raids were aimed at only a few million dollars (and only a small fraction of that was actually collected) the publicity surrounding them did prompt a one-time surge of voluntary compliance by retailers who previously had been pocketing the sales tax. Then Bullock beefed up his out-of-state audit program to check the books of those companies doing business in Texas but headquartered elsewhere. In-state audits were improved, too, and in fiscal 1976 Bullock's auditors identified $84 million in new tax liabilities, six times what the old comptroller's staff had come up with in 1974. Bullock flooded the state with press releases about all these remarkable improvements, in a display of self-promotion rarely equaled even in the rarefied atmosphere of Texas politics.

What the press releases never said was that a lot of the "reforms" were never anything but self-promotion. The audits are a good example. Bullock issued monthly press releases bragging that his auditors had found another umpty-two million dollars in tax liabilities. But what we soon learned was that those figures were often based on highly questionable interpretations of tax law produced by auditors who were under the gun to turn out impressive totals. Many amounts didn't stand up under appeal, and the millions of dollars Bullock claimed to be raking in didn't exist.

But we had to keep up the fiction, because the audit programs were the excuse for our ever-growing budgets. And to this day Bullock has never provided any figures on how much of that audit money is really collected. The legislature never challenges him.

Bullock attracted a lot of talented, idealistic young liberals when he first took office. Some were well-known "good government" activists, like the state lobbyist for Common Cause; some were reporters, like me, and a large number were simply people Bullock had met during years of work in the political trenches. We were attracted by the promise of really *doing* something, and it also helped that most of us would be getting the highest salaries of our lives. (Bullock hired me as a public relations man in 1975 at $17,500; by the time I resigned in 1979, I was making $33,100.)

Bullock's employees learned early on that they had to pay the piper. To make room for all his acquaintances, Bullock had to engage in mass firings; "evaluation teams" roamed the state, sacking up to twenty employees at a time with no warning. Employees were simply told to take their belongings and get out. One unfortunate man, Dalton Hilscher of the revenue processing division, went home and hanged himself after his dismissal. None of us ever talked about that one.

Eventually Bullock had fired everyone he had inherited from the old regime, and then—like a snake eating itself—he began firing the people he himself had hired.

If he had a chance to collect an IOU by hiring a friend or acquaintance of a state senator, he jumped at it. Often these buddies were hired with no job in mind, and they would languish in the office for weeks before being assigned any specific duties. (State and federal guidelines that called for public posting of job openings were rarely followed, and certainly not in any job that paid more than $15,000. The few postings that were made were jokes—the jobs had already been filled.)

LITTLE RATIONAL THOUGHT WENT INTO the hundreds of dismissals Bullock made during his first two years in office. The problem was that Bullock couldn't tell the difference between an incompetent person and an impossible task. Nothing was too big, and no deadline too soon. His instructions sometimes made little sense, but everyone was afraid to ask for clarification; if he did, Bullock silently handed him a copy of "A Message to Garcia" and sent him on his way. The "Message" was a driveling essay glorifying the virtues of blind obedience.

Questions, complaints, or excuses threw Bullock into a frenzied rage and sometimes led to firings. And if there was no real turmoil, Bullock would create some by calling in his division chiefs and switching them from job to job, shuffling them like a deck of cards. He thrived on it.

Everyone had his own theory about how to ward off these fits of temper. One popular one was to come in early, stay late, and go to the office on Saturdays—not to work, but to be there. Woe to the man who wasn't around when Bullock wanted to speak to him on a whim at 6:30 on a Friday night. Keeping in touch was critical—we had to be available immediately if he telephoned. Even if you were only going to the bathroom, you left word with your secretary. When Bullock was out of town he would often call in and ask to speak to several people in succession, and it was always utter chaos; flocks of secretaries scurried all over the building, eyes wide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with fright.

Once Bullock called and asked, one by one, for all of the top administrators. Hurried, breathless searches came up empty-handed; thinking they were safe, all the top people had gone to a bar for the afternoon. By the time he got down the pecking order to me, Bullock was furious. "Goddamn it, don't you ever let this happen to me again!" he shouted when I picked up the phone. Then he hung up. Eventually Bullock became so crazed on this subject that he bought us all beepers—$400-a-shot paging devices. Then he decided that the top people needed car telephones, and lately, I hear, they're into walkie-talkies.

But the most demanding task of all in working for Bullock was the drinking. Those who drank with Bullock got coveted places in the inner circle, and we all strove mightily to get there. (Of course, most of the people who finally entered the inner circle soon wished they could go home.) Bullock had a wet bar and refrigerator installed in his office (at state expense, of course) so drinking could start early in the day. Later, when the comptroller's office acquired another building in downtown Austin, Bullock had a wet bar and refrigerator installed there too, even though he never used that office.

He drank Old Charter bourbon and 7-Up; we drank whiskey or beer. Sometimes Bullock would break out the liquor over business discussions, and other times we would head out in a group for "three-drink" lunches that didn't end until 8 P.M. and sometimes dragged on until the bars closed. (There was always a break in mid-afternoon so one of us could call the good-looking secretaries to join us.) We justified all this on the ground—which now seems ludicrous—that we really were conducting state business even if we were doing it from a bar. This was routine; it would go on for two or three months without a break, and several marriages—including two of Bullock's—dissolved under that flood of alcohol.

Bullock's fabled temper was even worse when he'd been drinking, and all of us in the inner circle got fired at least once. I was fired twice. But we just went back to work the next morning and avoided Bullock for a couple of days until he'd forgotten about it. Eventually we were all somewhat inured to the firings and in-house gallows humor developed, which eventually leaked out to the media. "An optimist is a comptroller's office employee who takes his lunch to work," one newspaper reported. We thought of ourselves as survivors. We drank at the same bars and invited each other to dinner—but it was a fragile friendship. Whenever the ax fell on one of the inner circle "survivors," we all drew away from him as though it were contagious.

Sometimes Bullock felt particularly festive and ordered a party on a workday: Of course, it was all right because we were all working so hard. The call went out in the morning or at lunch, and from thirty to fifty intimates would gather at an out-of-the-way bar around 3 P.M. A key aide would be sent out to roam through the comptroller's various offices to look for attractive women and invite them on the spot. Some of them were told nothing more than, "Mr. Bullock would like to see you." The emphasis was on pairing off couples, and Bullock presided over these events like Bacchus himself.

During all of this time Bullock's health and personal life were on a steady decline. A series of physical problems—starting with the removal of a lung in 1972—combined with heavy drinking to produce a cyclical behavior in Bullock: extreme highs followed by deep depressions. He bottomed out in November 1977; this time he contemplated suicide. He claimed later that he actually played Russian roulette with one of his pistols, spinning a chamber containing one bullet, placing the barrel in his mouth, and squeezing the trigger. "The steel was ice-cold in my mouth," he said. The next day he was admitted to M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston.

The doctors diagnosed him as a manic depressive and they observed that his drinking didn't help his mental condition. He was also suffering liver deterioration from alcohol and blood pressure problems from one-lunged smoking. The hospital agreed to treat him, but only if we kept someone in his room twenty-four hours a day to prevent a suicide—which we did, ferrying a new person from Austin to Houston each day in a state airplane.

BULLOCK'S PERSONAL LIFE WAS EASILY as much a mess as his public life. He has been married and divorced four times, at last count. There were countless other women. And when his women were also on his payroll, problems developed. First there was Diane Daniel, ex-wife of a former Texas House speaker, who began dating Bullock in the fall of 1975 while she was his secretary. He took her everywhere with him on the state plane—for speeches, vacations, and a tour of other state capitals that was supposed to be for the purpose of studying their tax systems, but also turned into a continent-wide party at taxpayer expense. Then there was Jan Teague, whom Bullock saw off and on beginning in the fall of 1977. Staffers came to know when the relationship was "on" again, because Teague would always call in another pay raise for herself. Bullock also put Teague's babysitter on the payroll. The taxpayers financed Bullock's love life in various other ways. Once, he took me from other duties to write a love letter. During a brief affair with and subsequent marriage to Dallas socialite Diane Burney, he sought to impress her by getting help from people in the office to plan the wedding and the European honeymoon. While he was seeing her (from March to June 1978), Bullock commuted to work in Austin from Dallas, using, of course, the state plane.

Looking back on those years, it is difficult to pinpoint exactly the first steps into legally gray areas, or precisely when the subsequent steps were taken into the world of the clearly illegal. At first, when all of us were so excited about the accomplishments, a few excesses (like drinking and partying on state time) seemed excusable. But then the hype began to fade. The popularity of the raids wore off. We found out the

It's hard to say when we began breaking the law.

audits were wildly exaggerated. Bullock began to get a little bad publicity. First it was over his card file of tens of thousands of campaign contributors, which was being maintained at public expense; and over his use of public employees to clip and paste tens of thousands of newspaper stories he had collected, for a clipping library. (The news media overlooked, however, the more expensive service Bullock got from the Texas Press Association: for a monthly fee of around $600 to $700, they sent him every clipping in Texas on potential political opponents.) For Bullock's staff, defending him be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came more costly each time in terms of personal integrity. There I was, the former idealistic reporter, having to withhold information from other reporters and even lie. There was Randall Buck Wood, former Common Cause lobbyist, the man who pushed the Open Records Act, the ethics law, and other reform measures through the Texas legislature, using his inside knowledge to keep reporters from the truth and Bullock out of trouble.

In early 1976, both Austin newspapers ran stories about Bullock's trips on the state airplane with Diane Daniel and other staff members to places like Santa Fe, Phoenix, New York, Lansing, Baton Rouge, and New Orleans. "Bullock expenses list $180-a-day hotel bill," blared one headline. He defended the trips on the basis that they were made to study the operation of other state tax departments. This was true. But Diane Daniel wasn't necessary to the trips and neither was Bullock, really. Sometimes he didn't bother to visit the other state official, and sent his staff instead. He and Diane would go sightseeing. Here is how the Louisiana trip went: Bullock, Diane, and the others flew on the plane to Baton Rouge, where the state tax office was visited. Then they flew down to New Orleans, even though the branch office there was closed for the day, taking with them a drunken barmaid picked up by two aides. The barmaid became sick, so she was flown back to Baton Rouge on a special flight. The plane then went back to New Orleans and returned the next day to Texas with the whole party. No one ever visited the New Orleans tax office.

That was how the abuse of the airplane got started: mixing business and pleasure. The comptroller's office had never had an airplane before Bullock's regime. From the outset, the airplanes became Bullock's favorite toys and most beloved symbols of his power and prestige. The first was obtained in the summer of 1975, a small plane that had been confiscated by the Department of Public Safety for hauling drugs. In September 1975, there was a second plane: a larger, faster Mitsubishi MU-2. This was later traded for yet a more expensive aircraft, a Kingair 100. And in 1978, while he was under fire for abusing airplanes, Bullock got a third plane, a Kingair 200. (You have to give him credit for guts.)

When reporters asked for flight logs we forged them.

Bullock used the airplanes for hunting trips. He used them to fly to meet friends on private business. He used them to take his women to Colorado in the skiing season, and to New York and San Francisco. Always there was a flimsy cover: a tax office nearby that Bullock could say he visited. But after a while, the flight logs became a problem. When the reporters asked for them early in 1976, I screened them and found omissions and discrepancies that would easily be spotted. The most glaring was the omission of Diane Daniel on trips that reporters already knew she had taken. The pilots, who kept the logs, had been afraid to put her name down and, of course, afraid to ask for instructions. With Bullock's help, the logs were reconstructed as accurately as possible (or as accurately as he wanted them to be) and forged onto new flight log forms. The standard flight "purpose" on the logs became "to confer with tax officials" or "to confer with area taxpayers." Bullock later solved much of the problem by not putting dates on the logs and keeping them mixed up. That way it became an impossible task to figure out what had been done with the planes. The state law, you see, didn't specify that dates had to be kept on the logs.

When Ralph Wayne became Bullock's chief deputy in March 1977, he too found the planes useful. Wayne owned interests in radio stations and savings and loans branches in the Panhandle and East and West Texas. He had a plane of his own. But it was much cheaper to use the comptroller's airplane, and he did. Some of the trips were covered by the existence of a comptroller's field office nearby. Later, by convenient coincidence, field offices were opened in other cities where Wayne had business interests and all the trips were covered.

LIKE ABUSE OF THE AIRPLANE, BULlock's use of employees and state equipment for political purposes also started small. In October 1976, the comptroller held a major fund-raiser in Austin while he was testing the waters for a possible gubernatorial race in 1978. Although he opened an outside political office just to run the event, much of the work was done by employees on state time. Many of the solicitation calls were made on the state WATS line. The "volunteer" effort also got out of hand. In some divisions, it became evident it would be held against employees if they didn't show up after hours as volunteers at the fund-raiser office. But the event grossed only about $112,000, and netted far less for Bullock. That was a major factor in his later decision to support Governor Dolph Briscoe for a third term. His strategy was to help Briscoe and win many friends for a later race to be Briscoe's successor. This meant that the other major Democratic candidate for governor, Attorney General John Hill, had to be eliminated.

Bullock took on Hill beginning in June 1977. After extensive research by his staff, he accused Hill of lax prosecution of tax cases sent him by the comptroller's office. Hill countered that he had acted on everything Bullock sent him. Bullock then sued Hill for an accounting of his handling of the tax cases. Hill won the suit in the Texas Supreme Court. But that was the least of it and was arguably appropriate comptroller business. Bullock also had his staff analyze Hill's legal settlements in nontax cases, which were none of the comptroller's business. The comptroller's security officers, who were supposed to be nailing tax dodgers, were instead investigating Hill's Organized Crime Task Force to see if anything illegal had been done. The information was quietly turned over to Briscoe, who then tried to fob it off as his own findings. Bullock's claims division, which handles all state government purchase and travel vouchers, routinely pulled all of those from the attorney general's office to search for illegalities or potential embarrassments.

When Hill was actually running for governor, his every pronouncement was studied for possible attack. His spending programs were analyzed by the comptroller's revenue estimators. Bullock aides went to his press conferences. Bullock issued a constant barrage of news releases attacking Hill from every angle. They were written on state time at Bullock's direction by myself and others. Some of them were so nasty that Briscoe's people began backing off, aghast at Bullock's ferocity. The whole thing climaxed when Bullock publicly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called Hill a "son of a bitch." While Hill had to be attacked, Briscoe had to be helped. Bullock's planners drew up spending and tax cut proposals for Briscoe to use in his campaign, as well as other position papers, speeches, and news releases. Briscoe, who had been the odds-on favorite, lost; some say Bullock's outlandish behavior pushed Hill over the top.

At the same time, Bullock had to be reelected. He liked to be well prepared. His staff spent countless hours of state time making up "trip folders" for nearly every town in the state. Each town's folder included a localized newspaper release, localized radio news release, an actual prerecording of Bullock reading the news release, a color slide of Bullock for television stations, background information on Bullock, a list of local officials, and a list, made up from his political card file, of every person in the town who had made a political contribution to a statewide candidate since 1968. It was all done on Bullock's campaign stationery and took several secretaries several weeks to put together in 1977. The radio tapes were done by a former radio newsman on Bullock's staff on state time and equipment, of course. I complained to Bullock about the fact that he had an office full of secretaries outside his door with "Bullock Campaign 1978" stationery in their typewriters. In response, he put up room dividers in front of their desks so I couldn't see what they were doing as I walked through. As it turned out, it was all unnecessary. Bullock never drew an opponent.

In early 1977, Bullock decided that if he was ever going to be governor, he had to put some distance between himself and the liberals on his staff and cultivate a new business-conservative look. At first he launched tirades about how even though the Rotarians and Lions clubs were the heartbeat of America, none of his staff joined any of those groups. These ravings led to near-fisticuffs, several dismissals, and a major staff change with the appointment of Ralph Wayne as chief deputy. Wayne added a totally new aspect to the illegalities at the office: use of state employees for private business.

Wayne brought in Sherri Revier, his personal secretary, and put her on the state payroll. But she continued to do the same things she had always done: write letters and memos to Wayne's businesses, pay his personal and corporate bills, and correspond with his bookkeeper. Then Wayne hired an assistant, Jay Brummett, who spent more than half his time managing Wayne's business affairs and the rest of it on his own financial interests (I know; I sat beside him). Finally Wayne had to hire another secretary just to do his state business. (Brummett's secretary, too, spent most of her time on private business.)

Wayne himself officially set aside Wednesdays for dealing with his business interests. Later that was expanded to include all mornings as well. The staff was instructed never to bother him during those times. Since Wayne insisted on personally approving nearly everything, this created a huge bottleneck in the agency.

Bullock's misuse of the powers of his office reached a new high—or low—in September 1978, with an incident involving Bill English's restaurant in Austin. English had a terrible sales tax record and was finally ordered shut down in one of the sales tax raids. Bullock, who hadn't been on a raid in two years, parked his car across the street to watch the fun, and for some reason ordered that the news media be called. Things went routinely enough; English came up with the money to bring his payments up to date, so he was allowed to remain open. However, English blasted Bullock in television interviews, saying the comptroller and his staff were all drunks and that he had had to throw Bullock out of his place one night for belligerent drunkenness.

When Bullock found out about English's comments, he hit the ceiling. He ordered top legal staffers down to the office that night to research ways to close English's restaurant. "They can consider themselves fired until they find a way to shut him down," he said. Early the next morning, there was another meeting of about a dozen key staff members to devise ways to put English out of business. (At that moment, of course, English didn't owe the state anything: He had brought himself up to date the day before.)

Bullock publicly called John Hill a son of a bitch.

But Bill English never was shut down, thanks probably to myself and two other Bullock public relations employees who quit the first week of October 1978, in protest over that and other things we saw going on. Bullock claimed to be surprised; he shouldn't have been. We had made complaints on several occasions about the political activity, the private business being done on state time, and the use of the airplanes. We should have complained earlier, but we were afraid of Bullock and we had grown used to the big salaries. Also, there never seemed to be a good time. Bullock was either too high or too low, in the hospital or out of town, beset by some personal tragedy or too busy. On June 5, 1978, I gave him a three-page letter typed single-spaced, confronting the issue of the political and private business work on the state payroll and misuse of the airplane. The only result was a one-fifth cut in Brummett's salary.

SO WE WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT. As soon as Bullock had a good report from the hospital in Houston, we quit. (Two of us quit at first; the third quit a few days later when he saw Bullock's staff members scurrying around to cover things up and alter documents.) We felt that we had to protect ourselves by having some sort of substantive proof and so took with us typewriter ribbons showing the personal business done by secretaries, as well as copies of the political trip folders and other documents. (Bullock called us burglars; we were sneaky, but I'm not sure "burglar" is technically correct, since we were entrusted with master keys to open any door.)

We didn't plan to say anything at first, but the *Houston Chronicle* sent reporters around asking questions that were difficult not to answer. Soon several other newspapers followed suit, and there was a brief spate of statewide publicity about Bullock's health and a few of the more flagrant misuses of state employees and equipment. Bullock denied everything, and when the new legislative session kicked off in January, most reporters moved on. Bullock was off the hook again.

I thought I knew most of what went on around Bullock's office, but I learned something new from some of the newspaper stories. It turned out the comptroller's office routinely broke state regulations when purchasing supplies and equipment, which was particularly galling since the comptroller is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsible for approving purchase vouchers from other agencies. Bullock's staff routinely split purchases onto several vouchers to avoid having to use competitive bidding procedures; when bids were taken, the specifications were often drawn so tightly that only the preselected merchant could possibly bid. Some of the items that turned up among the purchase vouchers: a $107 set of gold-tipped desk pens for Ralph Wayne, an $11,000 conference table, and two $198 designer rugs to hang on the wall. (The story behind the rugs is typically Bullock. Some of his secretaries complained because they had no windows. No problem. Bullock illegally ordered windows cut through the wall between their office and the hallway. Oops. He realized that would mean people could see in. Remember the campaign stationery in the typewriters? The holes were plastered over and covered with the rugs.)

BUT THE BEST EXAMPLE OF MAKING A bid specification so tight only one firm could bid was Bullock's acquisition of a new office building. When Ralph Wayne joined the comptroller's staff, he began lobbying for the rental of a downtown office building owned by the American Bank—where, incidentally, he banked, had a line of credit, and had a long friendship with one of the vice-presidents. The bank had moved into new quarters but couldn't unload the old building because the title was clouded, and federal bank examiners were getting upset. No private investor would touch the property because of the title problems, but the state could clear that through condemnation proceedings.

So the comptroller's office broke three cheaper leases (cost to taxpayer: an extra $29,000 a month) to get at the American Bank property, then drew up specifications so tight that a photograph of the building might as well have been attached to the bid invitations. (Examples: the successful bidder's building must have a 2600-square-foot cafeteria, 3954 square feet of internal halls and circulation area, and 3000 square feet of bank vault. Guess what? Those are the precise characteristics of the American Bank building.) Bank officials and the comptroller's office denied there was anything wrong with the deal and in 1979 they convinced the legislature to authorize the purchase of the building for $3.1 million.

Grand jurors were tricked out of filing charges.

Travis County grand jurors, meanwhile, couldn't help noticing the Bullock affair since it was on the front page of their Austin newspaper every morning. They began to investigate, calling those of us who had resigned, some other former employees, and then a few of Bullock's employees who kept agency records. But Bullock, Wayne, and other key figures in the agency were not called, on the advice of District Attorney Ronald Earle. Many witnesses who should have gone before the grand jury were permitted to make unsworn statements to Earle's investigators. Earle swept aside Bullock's bird-dogging of John Hill and the campaign work done for Bullock on state time as "just politics." He refused to press for indictments on misuse of state aircraft, and nothing was done on the Bill English case, either. Grand jurors said later that they were so furious with Earle that they called him in and threatened to ask the district judge who empaneled them to appoint a special prosecutor. Before its term ended in December 1978, the grand jury decided to indict Wayne on charges of misappropriation of state funds. Chris Harrison, the assistant district attorney advising the grand jurors, said later that Earle dissuaded them from indicting Wayne on the grounds that it would damage the remaining investigation of Bullock. Earle assured the jurors, Harrison said, that the indictment would be returned by the next grand jury.

The first grand jury adjourned without returning any indictments, but it did issue a blistering report criticizing Bullock for "fiscal irresponsibility" and for attempting to thwart its investigation into his office by destroying records, providing inadequate information, and screening witnesses. They demanded further investigation into the comptroller's use of airplanes, travel expenses, and female traveling companions; the use of state employees for personal business; and "total disregard of the concept of frugality and accountability for tax dollars" through "lavish spending." Bullock retorted that the jurors had produced an "exhaustive smear" of his office, and sued to have the report suppressed. The suit has not yet been decided.

The second grand jury also came and went without returning any indictments. Earle didn't deliver on his promise to indict Wayne. The second grand jury heard little of the evidence that was presented to the first grand jury. Instead, Earle presented the grand jury with evidence in totally different areas—minor discrepancies in Bullock's report on how he spent campaign contributions, and a couple of instances in which he overcharged the state for hotel bills. The second grand jury decided it didn't want to fight Bullock over such trivial items. As the second panel dissolved, Earle told reporters the "investigation" was completed, and there would be no indictments.

It may only be a coincidence that Earle is a close friend of Robert Spellings, a former associate of Wayne's who was hired by Bullock around September 1978. Spellings and Earle were seen together several times during the investigation. Earle's assistants complained privately during this time that the district attorney was trying to do his own investigating. "We would get a lead and Ronnie [Earle] would say, 'I'll check that out with my sources,'" said one of his assistants. "But then he'd come back and say 'There's nothing to it. Drop it.'" Said Harrison of the first grand jury's report: "The grand jury said, 'if we don't hold over and we don't issue an indictment, we still want to make [the public] aware of what is being done so that we can go on record that we want this investigation to continue, that the indictments should be returned.' My opinion is, of course, that they were tricked into not returning the indictments."

So that's where it stands. In the midst of the grand jury investigation, Bullock was reelected to another four-year term; Texas Republicans, in a typical screw-up, hadn't put anyone on the ballot to run against him.

There were cosmetic changes. Brummett was eased out. Wayne and his secretary left. A lot of key aides—including those who did the work on Hill—have left, voluntarily or otherwise. And Bullock, in one of his periodic low cycles, is talking about opening a car dealership. He has until 1982 to think about it, and meanwhile, he's still got the airplanes to play with. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNALS OF AN ABIDING LIBERAL, by John K. Galbraith. Houghton, Mifflin, 384 pp., $12.95.

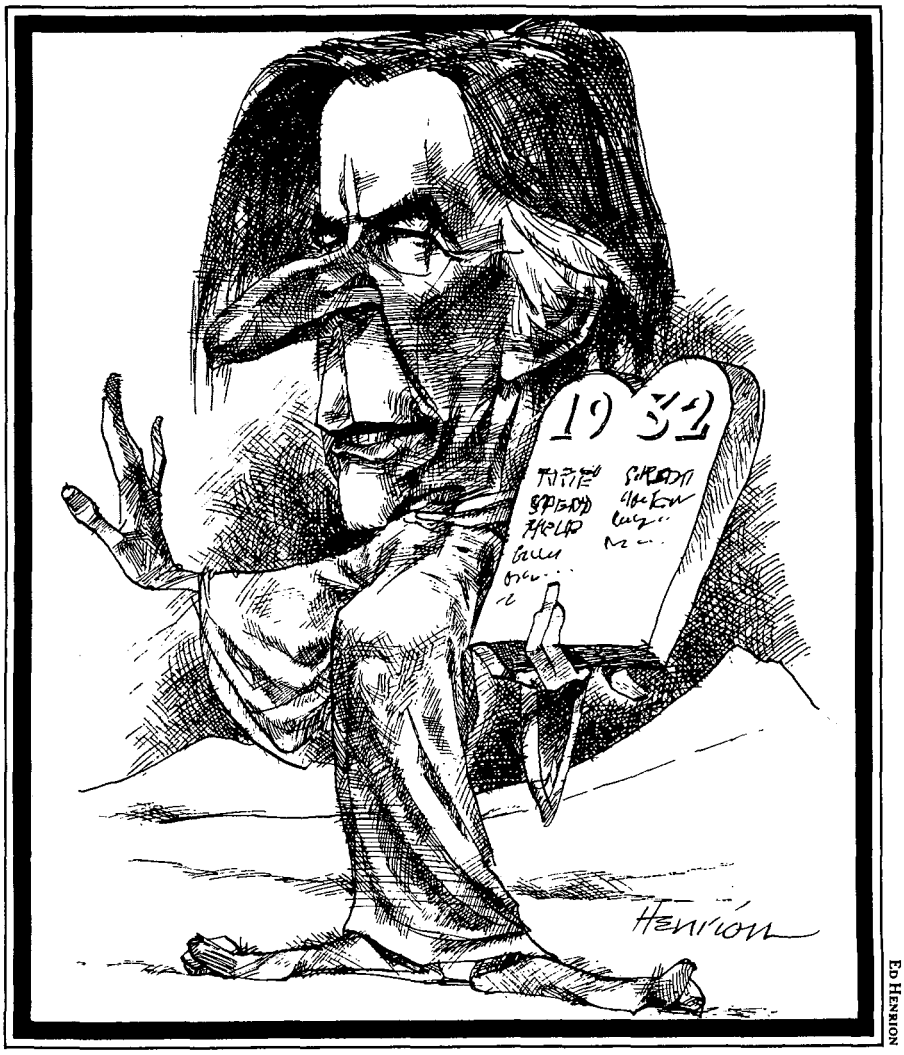
A dominie's delusions

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

EVERY JOURNALIST WHO writes on politics soon learns to dread the regular arrival of a certain kind of letter. It is bulky; it includes numerous Biblical quotations of a menacing character; at frequent intervals passages are fiercely underscored in colored inks, green for some reason being especially favored; and its argument leans heavily on the old advertising principle that repetition is all. Whether the writer is concerned with proving that the world's ills stem from, say, the "money-power of Wall Street," or the failure of the Bishops to open Joanna Southcote's box, he never varies his message or stoops to answer criticism of it. Events in the real world that might challenge his thesis are either ignored altogether or confusingly interpreted as supporting evidence—just as a flat-earther might claim that man's arrival on the moon only goes to prove that the space program is a gigantic hoax in the Nevada desert.

Disturbingly, there is more than a whiff of these obsessive techniques of controversy in the economic essays included in Professor Galbraith's latest collection. Here, for what seems the umpteenth time, are the standard Galbraithian themes—that conventional economics is a form of induced myopia accompanied, in the case of neoclassical economics, by the delusion that perfect competition in the market subjects firms of whatever size to the wishes of consumers; that, in consequence, no economist (except, of course, the author and a few observant friends) has noticed the troublesome existence of such phenomena as stagflation or the practice of large corporations which, having abolished the market and made themselves secure against competition, raise prices at will and shape consumer tastes to suit production; and furthermore, that these new forces can be tamed only by active government intervention, notably by price control and incomes policy. We have heard these liberal pieties from Galbraith before, but he seems persuaded that the model form of argument is neither debate nor the scientific testing of hypotheses, but the Tibetan prayer wheel. So he cranks them out once again.

But repetition does not make these arguments any more persuasive. His picture of the generality of economists, for instance, is pure straw-manship. It assumes that economists believe the textbook analytical device of perfect competition to be a literal account of how the economy works in practice. Of course, as Galbraith disingenuously concedes in the decent obscurity of a subordinate clause, they believe nothing of the sort. And their actual belief in an effective, albeit imperfect, competition would seem to be more justified than his own picture of omnipotent oligopoly—certainly more justified by the statistics



ED HENRION

JOHN O'SULLIVAN was formerly an editorial writer and contributed a daily column on Parliament to the Daily Telegraph *(London). He is currently editor of* Policy Report.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he quotes. Do fifty competing banks, which control 48 percent of the U.S. banking assets, and fifty competing insurance companies, which account for 82 percent of insurance assets, really deserve the description "a few large firms that are infinitely large"? As for his claim that conventional economists cannot account for "stagflation," this is surely hard on Friedrich Hayek, who predicted this combination of inflation and unemployment when Galbraith was still blithely assuming the continued success of Keynesianism.

Then the real world keeps butting in. For some years Galbraith has been informing us that large corporations had protected themselves against market competition and so enjoyed the comfortable state of security and slow, steady growth. Bankruptcies and closures were things of the past. It might seem that the collapse of Chrysler and, before that, of Penn Central, contradicted this theory. Not so, however, in these essays. It has simply been amended to read "a very large corporation is no longer *allowed* to go out of business" (my italics), since "the social damage is too great." This leaves out of account the social damage from the wasteful use of scarce capital caused by state assistance, the continued production of unwanted goods, and the economic undermining of the aided firm's competitors, which then join the queue for state subsidies.

If British experience is any guide, the subsidy cost grows increasingly burdensome until, eventually, a political decision is made to reduce it—which ensures that several large-scale redundancies occur simultaneously amid the maximum political uproar. So, in endeavoring to fit his theory to the Procrustean bed of economic reality, Galbraith has inadvertently transformed it from one of economic stability to one of political instability. A new twist is added by his intervention in the Chrysler controversy when he argued that Chrysler should be given state assistance because firms like Chrysler always are given state assistance. This might be called "circular logic" or "the imperative indicative tense"—but, however you slice it. . . .

Professor Galbraith's famous wit grows tetchy and curmudgeonly under the influence of ideology.

THE FATE OF GALBRAITH'S remedies can be very briefly indicated. Prices in Britain never rose so far or so fast as under "the comprehensive incomes and prices policy" of which he approves as a solution to inflation. And state intervention in the food market, which he regards as necessary to compensate for the "inadequacies" of the private sector, has in Europe produced the inverted miracle of artificially high food prices alongside butter mountains and wine lakes. There are some beneficiaries, to be sure—namely Russian consumers and others outside the protective arm of the Common Agricultural Policy who are allowed to buy up the surpluses cheap.

It is hardly to be wondered at that a theory so flawed and generating such boondoggles would come under occasional criticism. In a discussion before the American Economic Association in 1969, for instance, Professor Harold Demsetz spoke thus:

> . . . Galbraith argues seriously that "we have more appliances than houses because General Electric is more powerfully sovereign than the house builders." If this meaningless comparison is to be made, one would expect that attention might be called to the fact that the price of a house is about 1,000 times greater than the price of an appliance. A quick survey of my home, using Galbraith's method of reckoning producer sovereignty, revealed that the most powerful sovereign in American industry is the manufacturer of clothes hangers. Toothpick producers ran a close second.

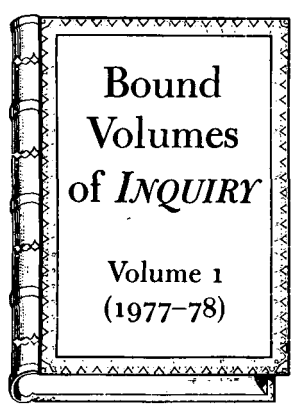
And Professor Frank MacFadzean, the British economist-industrialist, has cast severe doubt on the theory of producer sovereignty through advertising by pointing out that, of all the products launched with scientific market research and Madison Avenue fanfares, only one in seven survived in the actual marketplace.

But the careful reader will find here no trace of these names, or indeed the names of *any* of the critics. Their formidable attacks are simply ignored and the propositions demolished by them are again displayed for our admiration as if general acclaim (or only manifestly absurd criticism) had greeted their earlier appearances. It is all very puzzling.

Or is it? If we take the green-ink–letter-writing disease to be the terminal stage of devotion to a dogma that is plainly at variance with the real world, then we may reasonably surmise that Galbraith is displaying some of the early symptoms. The final collapse into total humorlessness is, happily, still far off. Galbraith continues to wield a savage pen, especially at the expense of business executives—their prose styles and their "philosophical" pronouncements in favor of the market. (It is worth noting in passing, however, that when businessmen rush to the government for subsidies, they are at once transformed in the professor's eyes into masterful capitalists from a Shaw play who transcend the limitations of their calico ideology and seize economic reality by the throat. This rhetorical device is known as the Cantuar Gambit: viz., if the Archbishop of Canterbury says that he believes in God, well, that's his job, isn't it? If he says he *doesn't*, then he must be telling the truth.)

Yet even Professor Galbraith's famous wit can grow tetchy and curmudgeonly when he is under the influence of ideology. A distinctly querulous note can be detected in his comment on Milton Friedman's monetarist prescription

HANDSOME



now available;
$40.00 postpaid.

Send check or money order to
INQUIRY, 747 Front St.,
San Francisco, CA 94111

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for stable prices and low unemployment: ". . . if [it] could indeed achieve such a result, it can hardly be believed that his revelation would have remained so long unused." High Tories have long maintained that nothing should ever be done for the first time, but Galbraith outdoes them in declaring that nothing *can* ever be usefully done for the first time. It comes ill from the confident New Frontiersman who, a few pages back, was deriding critics of Franklin Roosevelt's "untried experiments" with the lofty but proper reply that it is in the nature of experiments to be untried.

*BUT WHAT A CHANGE OC-*curs when Professor Galbraith abandons economics to write the literary reviews, autobiographical essays, and accounts of financial scandals that make up the bulk of this book. Freed from the trying responsibility of having to prove that Keynesian liberalism is an idea whose time can be extended indefinitely, he shrugs off the influence of the demented letter-writer, resumes his old, easy wit, and contributes a series of pleasant and amusing essays.

His account of how, according to the FBI files, his life was erratically monitored by that organization is a model of tolerant comedy. Avoiding the tone of moral outrage often expressed in connection with intelligence agencies, he describes instead the way in which misinformation was placed within its files (sometimes by hostile colleagues or politicians with personal grudges), there to linger down the years, confusing future investigators as they set out to test his loyalty. Occasionally, however, some brave fellow would pierce through the mist. Galbraith recalls with remarkable detachment the result of one inquiry as: "Investigation favorable except conceited, egotistical and snobbish."

He might therefore seem to be a suitable reviewer of Evelyn Waugh's diaries. But the professor's snobbery, I suspect, is that timid, modern, East Coast kind, which dares to despise only rather safe targets like corporation men in gray flannel suits. At any rate, he disapproves sternly of Waugh's reference to "the lower classes." It is plain that the two men could never have got on. Waugh, for instance, once told a general, his CO, who had reprimanded him for having gotten drunk after dinner in the mess: "Don't suppose I intend to change the habits of a lifetime for a whim of yours." The Scotch-Canadian Presbyterian who lurks at the rear of Galbraith's personality could hardly approve of this blend of self-indulgence and frivolity (though he might smile upon the insubordination to traditional, noneconomic authority).

Yet, disapprove though he must, he pays full tribute to Waugh's comic genius, even asserting that "Waugh's firmest intention was to be nasty, even vicious . . . no one, I assert, has the right to frustrate so clear a purpose." If Galbraith can offer even this ironical tolerance toward a Tory of Evelyn Waugh's undoubted ferocity, why does he deny it to the far milder and more respectable figures who merely differ with him about the likely consequences of restricting the money supply? Is one play, and the other real and earnest? Or is this simply another example of the crippling effects of ideology upon imagination? At any rate, the professor would be well advised to keep off the green ink. ❏

***DARKNESS VISIBLE*, by William Golding. Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 265 pp., $10.95.**

Golding's nasty games

ANTHONY BURGESS

THIS IS WILLIAM GOLDING'S first novel in twelve years. A long sabbatical spent sailing, reading Greek, and brooding over the evil in the world has not noticeably served to refresh his muse or, in a creative sleep, build up his fictional strength. It has always seemed to me that a novelist should write novels, that his métier is defined by incessant practice, and that prolonged inactivity never did any artist any good. This belief is confirmed by the quality of Mr. Golding's latest book, which is far inferior to his first. But, rereading *Lord of the Flies* after more than twenty years, I find myself pricked by a doubt that, at the time of the book's first adulant reception, would have been considered philistine if not heretical.

Lord of the Flies, like *Darkness Visible*, is about evil triumphant and innocence besieged, but it seems that the choice of this theme was dictated less by theological conviction than by a sense that it was a good subject for a novel. There is something contrived about this story of a group of decent shipwrecked boys who are set upon by Beelzebub, and there is something confused and confusing about its whole concept of evil: Is it inborn, genuine, original sin, or is it an outside force like a spirochete? What, for that matter, is Golding's religious position? The ludic tone rings clearer in *Lord of the Flies* today, when it is considered a classic, than in the fifties when it first appeared. Indeed, the quality of game playing, of delight in ingenuity of contrivance, is to be found in all the handful of books he has written on the great traditional themes of free will and sin. One misses the tone of horror: There is a near sadistic delight in the dealing out of damnation, and smaller instruments of punition are handled with relish. Golding's evil is neither to be swiped by the forces of good nor exalted to a Luciferan vision; it merely tastes nasty or leaves the reader feeling unclean.

Darkness Visible is nasty, and is probably meant to be. Its hero is a boy who steps naked, a genuine burning babe, out of the London blitz, orphaned, nameless, terribly disfigured. He is Number Seven on the hospital's list of blitz victims, and his middle name becomes Septimus. His first name is more arbitrary and hence more symbolic—Matty, which can stand for the first evangelist, or to be taken as a transliteration of the Malay word for death, or be seen as androgynous, or imply the filth and ugliness of the coiled or matted. His surname is in doubt—Windrave? Windrove? Windgrave?—but it suggests the apocalyptical.

This boy with a burnt face and a deformed ear goes out into the world, ready to take on any job, sickening his

Among ANTHONY BURGESS's recent books is 1985, *published by Little, Brown.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

employers against their will so that they are glad to be rid of him, finding solace in a close reading of the Bible. He asks himself if he is different from the rest of his race only in appearance, decides that he is not, and converts his ostracism into a kind of divine election. He sees visions, hears voices, keeps a journal in which he records experiences that may be mystical, may be demented. We would dearly love to find him sympathetic, even heroic, but we cannot. It is not a matter of his disfigurement, which Golding keeps rubbing in, but rather his lack of character. He is a thing, a function, a freak, an appearance in a black hat, no more.

We look for the possibility of identifying ourselves with some other personage of the story, but there is hardly anyone who is not a freak, disfigured within if not without. Matty, after traveling in Australia, comes back to the small English town where he once went to school. There moans and rages Mr. Pedigree, an unregenerable pederast who once taught Matty and still blames him for the death of a beloved catamite. There also is a dithering bookseller looking for the light, and most of all, there are the twins Sophy and Toni, girls of angelic beauty, wholly dedicated to evil. Sophy is behind a plot to kidnap the son of an Arab prince, and the plot involves the burning down of the school he is at. Toni becomes a political terrorist. With relish Golding follows Sophy's career from infantile sadism through whoredom and theft to the final enormity, and he seems fully versed in the patois of corruption. Our faces are rubbed in all the dirt, and we wonder when Matty the holy prophet will come to deliver us. In fact he delivers nobody, but he grants, after his messy death in the school bombing, a vision of transfigured resurrection that may or may not be intended as a hint of the prevalence of the holy.

(may we say it?) the enjoyable. We are not sure whether we are dealing with an allegory or a straightforward narration. More than anything, we are not sure what Golding means. As for style, we have long swathes of allusive chat that move in no discernible direction; we have also, for relief, patches of hysterical overwriting like the following:

> A truth appeared in her mind. *The way towards simplicity is through outrage.* But she knew he would not understand.
>
> "It's like the collapse of sex."
>
> "Sex, sex, there's nothing like sex! Sex for ever!"
>
> "Oh yes, yes! But not the way you mean —the way everything means, the long, long convulsions, the unknotting, the throbbing and disentangling of space and time, on, on, on into nothingness—"
>
> And she was there; without the transistor she was there and could hear herself or someone in the hiss and crackle and roar, the inchoate unorchestra of the lightless spaces.

It would be reasonable to ask what precisely, or even imprecisely, an unorchestra is. How many untrumpets and untrombones are in it? And who is the unconductor?

It may seem unjust to dismiss the latest and long awaited novel of a writer tentatively established as one of the few genuinely important contemporary British practitioners of the art of fiction in so summary a manner. But let this be taken as a measure of my disappointment, a disappointment made the more bitter by the evidence of great descriptive skill in the opening pages, with their marvelous evocation of a burning London, and the genuine thrill of the first appearance of the burning babe in a vision almost Blakean. Then, with the need to start a story moving, the poetry vanishes, what seems at first to be parodic Victorian writing takes over, the apocalyptic fades into dullness, and the book is all too easy to put down. Golding can redeem himself by producing another novel in a year's time, the first genuine one for thirteen years, and this one can be regarded as a tentative fumbling back to the practice of a craft that should not have been quite so long neglected.

Golding is not entitled to neglect elements of his craft that make for the convincing and the enjoyable.

GOLDING IS ENTITLED TO this plot, as he is entitled to his obsession with nastiness, but he is not wholly entitled to neglect those elements of the novelist's craft that make for integration, the convincing, perhaps

GRAY STEEL AND BLUE WATER NAVY: The Formative Years of America's Military-Industrial Complex, 1881–1917, by Benjamin Franklin Cooling. Shoe String Press, Box 4327, 995 Sherman Ave., Hamden, Conn., 06514; 286 pp., $19.50.

A growth industry

WALTER LAFEBER

*USING CHARTS AND DE*tailed descriptions of involved business transactions, Benjamin Franklin Cooling has laid bare the knotted roots of the American military-industrial complex. The story is densely packed, but the thesis is simple: As a people, we never learn.

In 1882 the U.S. Navy was a pitiful outfit of some 90 shopworn ships—38 of them made out of wood. Apparently ignorant of the fabled consequences of making the fox the guardian of the henhouse, the Secretary of the Navy asked frustrated naval officers to tell him how great a raid on the public treasury would be required to create a fleet suited to their profession. Not surprisingly, they drew up a plan for 120 modern ships made of steel. The cost would be $30 million, a sum that stunned congressmen—at least until a few of them calculated how much might be funneled into their districts.

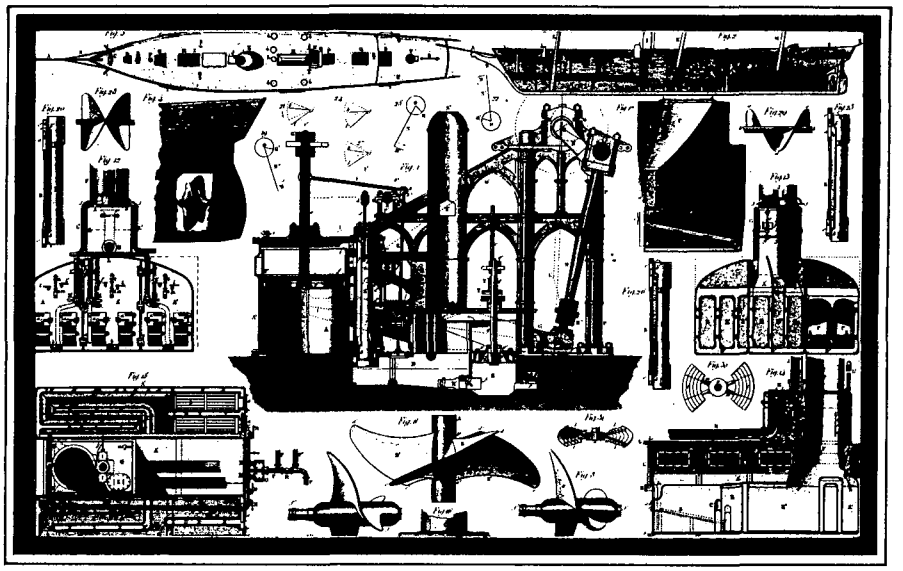
The contracts for the first four ships of what was to become the world's greatest fleet were let to shipbuilder John Roach. Setting an appropriate precedent for his Cold War successors, Roach promptly encountered tremendous cost overruns, production breakdowns, and an inability to meet shifting navy standards. Politicians grew angry when Roach did not give subcontracts to favored constituents. The military-industrial complex was off and running, in a richly symbolic start. In 1885 Roach went bankrupt, and two years later he died from the strain of it all.

Two groups, acutely appreciative of what was at stake, learned the proper

WALTER LAFEBER is a professor of history at Cornell University. Among his books is The New Empire: An Interpretation of American Expansion 1860–1898.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lessons from poor Roach's experience. The executives of Bethlehem Steel and of the Carnegie works let it be known that the government, particularly the navy, needed them worse than they needed it. Actually that was not quite true. As Andrew Carnegie once admitted, the American iron and steel industry boomed in the late nineteenth century largely because Congress had graciously thrown a high tariff around it to protect producers from cheaper foreign goods. By 1884, moreover, railroad building, the most profitable of all domestic markets, began to decline. During the terrible, depression-ridden days of the 1880s and 1890s, Cooling notes, Bethlehem and Carnegie were saved by "the navy's need for every possible ton of armour."



Nevertheless, Carnegie and Bethlehem decided on the terms of the increasingly symbiotic relationship between the steelmakers and Washington. When the Navy Department, with hat in hand, asked Andrew Carnegie if he wanted a contract, in his answer he combined the traits of a carnival huckster, Scottish businessman, and Calvinist hypocrite. He observed that his plant was already the best in the world for producing goods needed by the Navy, but another $400,000 or so would be required in the contract before he would produce them. He intoned, "I am more and ever opposed to every dollar spent by our Republic upon instruments of any kind for destructive purposes. . . . If Carnegie . . . cannot earn a living by making instruments of peace they will conclude to starve rather than make those of war." However, added the dictator of the Carnegie works, if his partners decided to make armor for the navy he would generously not overrule them.

*THE NAVY, HOWEVER, CON*tinued working out a deal with Bethlehem, so Carnegie tried another approach. As a patriot he would help save the government from being dependent on foreign-made armor. But when he discovered that the navy, not his own executives, would set standards for the armor, he refused to bid. Patriotism had its limits.

Bethlehem obtained those contracts, in part because of an interesting personal relationship with Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney that Cooling neatly describes as having "an atmosphere of partnership." But by the 1890s Carnegie was also involved, and on his terms. Both sides profited. The navy obtained the fleet that made the United States a global power after the war of 1898. And, the steel tycoons and shipyard owners did nicely as Grover Cleveland's conservative Democratic administration tried some nineteenth-century Keynesianism by passing large naval appropriations to help lift the economic depression.

The complex developed wonderfully well until a Populist-inspired congressional investigation revealed that the steel makers were selling armor for $625 a ton to Washington, but for only $250 to Russia. The steel companies were refreshingly direct in their response: They had better things to do than suffer such abuse, and would gladly sell their armor plants to the government—at a decent profit. The war of 1898 intervened, and on April Fool's Day of that year, the Senate agreed to pay $400 per ton for quick deliveries. Carnegie and Bethlehem evenly divided the order.

With prosperity in the marketplace and Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, the complex flourished during the first decade of the century. In the true spirit of Rooseveltian Progressivism —that is, cooperation between the federal government and large corporations in creating an orderly, controlled marketplace—the navy steamed along with a purchasing practice it aptly called "the liberal regulation of business prices." Cooling, with proper irony, terms the result "the new competition." He notes in conclusion that for all the "New Freedom" rhetoric, Woodrow Wilson fastened the military-industrial encumbrance onto the body politic all the more firmly, so that by 1920, it was on to stay.

Cooling's only failure is in not telling about the imperial side of the complex. He describes the new navy's development between 1882 and 1898 as if it had occurred in a foreign-policy vacuum. Instead, he should have analyzed such adventures as the landing of four hundred U.S. troops on the Panamanian isthmus during 1885 to protect Washington's rights in the area, the use of the fleet to stop a revolution—and protect U.S. markets—in Brazil during 1894, and the threatened use of force the next year that climaxed in the replacement of a British protectorate by American dominance in a strategic and profitable part of Nicaragua.

By not analyzing the course of the nation's overseas empire during these decades, Cooling has neglected the central question about the development of the military-industrial complex: Does the complex lead to imperialism or do the empire-builders create the complex? A strong argument can be made that civilian policy makers, not U.S. Navy officers *or* Andrew Carnegie, charted the policies that required the complex to protect distant imperial claims. After all, if an isthmian canal or the entire China market was at stake, who would blink at $400-a-ton armor to protect such prizes?

Cooling, for one, is more concerned with the domestic effects of the military-industrial complex than he is with the vague promises of imperialism. But even if he tells only half the story of how the complex developed, his work creates a usable, instructive chapter for those who want to learn from the past. For there were prophets in those days. In 1904, one congressman observed that the proposed $96 million naval bill would cost seven dollars out of the U.S. Treasury for every head of an American family. "Seven dollars . . ." he cried. "Where will it end?" The congressman could not have imagined, even in his wildest dreams. ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

BENT, by Martin Sherman. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman.

Men with pink triangles

RICHARD PLANT

*MARTIN SHERMAN HAS AT*tempted what not so long ago was thought impossible: to transcribe the hell of the Nazi concentration camps into an artistic experience. If he has not completely succeeded, he has managed to convey in dramatic terms the meaning of a painful and complex chapter not only of gay history, but of the history of all those scapegoated by the Third Reich. Although there are problems inherent in a play like this, Sherman has hit on solutions to some of them instinctively and has smoothly evaded others, while taking large risks that have aroused the anger of those who have understood him literally. But against all expectations, the drama, performed not in some garage, but on Broadway, has scored a critical success.

Bent takes place in 1934 Berlin, shortly after SA (Brownshirt) leader Ernst Roehm, as well known for his homosexual leanings as for his ruthlessness and brilliance as a troop organizer, has been murdered by an SS squad in "the night of the long knives." From then on, the "fluffs" were unprotected game, "sexual vagrants," as low as Jews, gypsies, and epileptics.

Protagonist Max (Richard Gere), a petty trickster, and his loyal, weak friend Rudy are caught in the Gestapo net. Rudy is battered to death on the way to Dachau. At the camp, Max, always the wheeler-dealer, manages to get the yellow star that identifies Jews, rather than the pink triangle reserved for homosexuals. This way, he believes, he will survive. Horst, a thin, ghostly, longtime prisoner, was a fighter in the early gay rights movement; almost against his will he befriends Max.

In the second act they haul rocks from right to left, then from left to right—meaningless, exhausting labor designed to drive the inmates crazy. In the most extraordinary scene in the play, Horst and Max contrive to make love without touching. But soon after, Horst falls victim to pneumonia, and for once, Max can't help. Max believes he has "tricked" an SS guard into getting him money to buy medicine. But the guards know—they always do. Horst is faced with the deadly hat-throwing game: You throw your cap at the electrified fence, and then retrieve it. If you do, you get electrocuted. If you refuse, you'll be shot. Max must fling Horst's body into a pit, and it's then that he experiences what must be called a conversion. He removes his coat with the yellow star, puts on Horst's bloody coat with the pink triangle, and, defiantly, hurls himself onto the fence.

If *Bent* is taken as a naturalistic drama, some of its premises are questionable. Is it possible that Max could be forced to fornicate with the body of a dead girl in a railroad car, under the eyes of guards, in order to prove he isn't "bent"? The answer is, probably yes. Prisoners were often thrust into other, equally terrifying situations. Above all, could a Gentile male, uncircumcised in the Germany of those days, pass as a Jew? This question, which involves the basic strategy of the play, is open to debate—if one takes the play literally.

*WHEN THE INITIAL FU*ror has subsided, however, I believe that it will become clear that what Sherman has created is a metaphorical drama, and these and similar questions don't matter very much. In fact, his method of mixing dramatic, even melodramatic devices in with lyrical dialogues occasionally operates against *Bent*'s effectiveness. Particularly the long disputes during the enervating hauling of the rocks take on a Beckett-like quality—I'm sure on purpose—but the result is a dissipation of tension. In a few other places we likewise lose the sense of profound trauma. Robert Allan Ackerman has indeed directed the play with a terse economy of motion and speech, but I had hoped he wouldn't lose the feeling of permanent dread that should underlie even the lighter episodes, such as the one with the elderly, closeted uncle.

Richard Gere seems to be faced with a task rather too large for his young voice and body, but he makes a brave, mostly successful effort, and he never plays to the gallery. Almost all the rest of the cast is really excellent. David Dukes, as Horst, must be singled out for special mention. His skeletal thinness bespeaks the longtime inmate, his bitterness the more poignant because it is suppressed; if the author meant him to speak indirectly to the American gay audience and its fears and self-doubts, this has been done with bravura.

Although he is an American and only forty years old, Martin Sherman has evidently pondered deeply some of the problems intrinsic to any effort to transform any aspect of the camps into drama. Many critics declared this to be theoretically impossible until Peter Weiss, Max Frisch, and Rolf Hochhuth came along. Wisely, Sherman has isolated a small segment of the whole horror: the story of two politically naive gay men, living for fun and games, who find themselves caught in an earthquake. Such a tiny parcel of hell can be presented on the stage; a hundred children being marched toward the gas chambers cannot.

Even so, Sherman has gambled in this respect also. It's not only Broadway audiences that shy away from topics that are "painful" and "depressing." For more than five years I have been conducting research into the fate of gays under the Nazis. When I have discussed the idea of a book with agents, publishers, or other writers, the reaction has almost always been: Too gruesome! Who wants to know?

"Concentration camps are a dangerous topic to handle," Terrence Des Pres wrote in his book *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps*. "They stir mud from the bottom, clouding the mind, rousing dormant self-destruction." In a trailblazing chapter, Des Pres details what he calls "the excremental assault": how prisoners were forced to lie in their own filth; how they were never given enough water or toilet paper; how, again and again, many were shoved into the mudstream of the latrine. Can anyone put this on the stage? The systematic stripping away of every shred of dignity in the camps can barely

RICHARD PLANT is a writer living in New York City who is currently completing a study of the persecution of homosexuals in the Third Reich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be understood by Western audiences, and even if it is understood intellectually, it is not managed emotionally. The camps are "the ultimate otherness."

Thus Martin Sherman has done the right thing by not attempting to present the overwhelming totality of the evil. That he begins his play on a note of farce, that he even introduces that standard "Cabaret" prop, a singing transvestite, proves his flair for theater. He had to lead an uninformed American audience into the pit, and, to forestall resistance, he started with a familiar, gruesomely comic figure. The audience is, by and large, "uninformed" not only regarding the nature of life in the camps, but also the events in Nazi Germany in June, 1934—the bloody purge of the homosexual SA leaders and others. Sherman uses Greta, the treacherous, straight female impersonator, to spell it out, not only for the politically dumb Max and Rudy, but for the audience as well. What they are witnessing, in fact, is the beginning of the Third Reich's persecution of homosexuals.

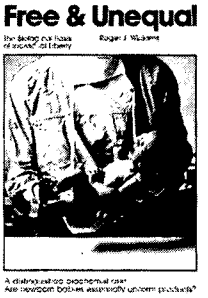
ON JUNE 28, 1935 (AROUND the first anniversary of the Roehm purge), the new anti-homosexual laws were proclaimed, in which not only sexual activities resembling "cohabitation" were punished, as in the famous paragraph 175B of the German Criminal Code, but also any "indecent contact" between two males, even a slight suggestive touch or facial movement. Punishments included a term in jail and, ultimately, incarceration in a concentration camp, which usually meant death.

Some recent writers have wildly exaggerated the number of victims involved in the persecution. The most well-informed analyst of the problem is Professor Rüdiger Lautmann of Bremen University, who is known as "the German Kinsey." He points out that accurate statistics are hard to establish, and estimates that between 10,000 and 15,000 gays were placed in camps. We don't know how many others were arrested and sent to jail; how many were assigned to suicide brigades; or, of those in the camps, how many died and how many survived. But we do have some reliable figures from the Reich Bureau of Statistics for the total number of arrests: These range from a low of under 900 in 1933 to a high of under 9000 in 1938, with a sharp decrease to around 3700 per year for 1940–42 that is easily explained by the fact that most eligible young men were in the armed forces and had left German territory.

As for some other controversies connected with the play: In principle prisoners could not change their color insignia. But some, especially resourceful, daring, and lucky, managed to do so. (This is attested to at various places in Egon Kogon's *The Theory and Practice of Hell.*) If you were in a camp run by "reds" and had an ally in, say, the Labor Record Office, he could furnish you, the wearer of a pink triangle, with a red one, taken from a corpse. The very cruelty of the camp bureaucracies here worked in favor of the victims: One prisoner looked and smelled as dirty and degraded as the next. It was easy enough for one half-dead inmate to change into another half-dead inmate.

The games being played by the catastrophe accountants as to who was worse off, a gay tailor, a Jewish lawyer, or a Polish soldier, are meaningless and indecent. The Nazi policy of genocide was comprehensive enough to accommodate all of these and more. It began modestly enough, in July 1933, with the promulgation of "The Law for the Protection of Heredity Health," designed to eliminate not only the insane, but also

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Free and Unequal

By Roger J. Williams

"A distinguished biochemist, who has long been concerned with the importance of science for human welfare, assails the widespread acceptance of what he calls the 'assembly-line doctrine' that people are fundamentally alike . . . Dr. Williams mobilizes evidence for the heritability—and thus the fundamental variability—not only of bodily traits but of physiological and psychological differences as well . . . The author then explores the significance of these differences. He shows how freedom itself depends on them, for freedom would be unimportant if we were all alike"—*Saturday Review.* "Eminently humane and he makes his principal points powerfully"—Ashley Montagu in the *New York Times.* Hardcover $8.00, Paperback $3.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. E13
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the incurably tubercular and epileptic. Out of this program grew the larger murder project, the killing of the Jews, the Poles, gypsies, Soviet commissars, homosexuals—all assumed to be nonhumans, species of vermin to be exterminated by the use of chemicals designed for the elimination of lice.

What is astonishing—but, perhaps, after all not so astonishing—is that while the fate suffered by most of the above-named groups at the hands of the Nazis is rather well known, what was done to the "men with the pink triangles" has not exactly been shouted from the television screens. Most of the better-known historians of the Third Reich have simply omitted it—names on request. Thus, Sherman's play can be seen also as a pioneering effort to fill in some of the blanks in twentieth-century history. One may wish that at one point or another he had selected some other dramatic option. But perhaps it is precisely the play's raw explosiveness that will blast a road through the mountains of ignorance and evasion. *Bent* is, in certain respects, flawed; on the other hand, some of our most celebrated dramatists have been known on occasion to deliver less than perfect artifacts. The Shakespeare of the Nazi persecution of gays has not yet arrived. Maybe he never will. But Martin Sherman may well be its Marlowe.

Moving?

Please allow us 6 weeks' notice

New address:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Mail to:

INQUIRY
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 2500
Menlo Park, CA 94025

Please send an address label from a recent issue along with your new address to help us speed up the change.

F I L M

***KRAMER VS. KRAMER*, directed by Robert Benton.**
***CHAPTER TWO*, directed by Robert Moore.**

Small packages

STEPHEN HARVEY

THE COMING OF THE NEW year inevitably puts film reviewers in a retrospective frame of mind, if only because the year's end marks the annual reunion of award-bestowing Critics' Circles in any town large enough to nurture more than two journals of any kind. Besides, at this season all us supposed highbrows start showing our true colors, in private at least, by trying to handicap next spring's Oscar choices with a zeal that even the average studio flack might find a little vulgar.

In retrospect, this was not a landmark year for epochal personal statements by younger members of our filmmaking elite, Woody Allen excepted; after all the expectations they inspired, the heavy-breathing labors of Bertolucci and Coppola brought forth nothing more than a matched pair of stillborn solecisms, however breathtaking technically, that revealed little beyond the mythomania of their creators. (The ad campaign for *Apocalypse Now*'s subrun claims that more words have been expended in print and aloud over this film than any other in history—which is why my New Year's wish was that everyone should shut up about it once and for all, myself included.) In fact, most of last year's really pleasurable and even illuminating movies were made by supposed journeyman directors working within traditional genres and carefully circumscribed ambitions—films like James Bridges's *The China Syndrome*, Peter Yates's *Breaking Away*, and Blake Edwards's *10*.

The characteristically overabundant year-end releases have held true to the pattern; with all the grandiose disappointments, Robert Benton's *Kramer vs. Kramer* is 1979's most ravishing example of intelligent and polished movie-making on a deliberately small scale. By the usual yardsticks, *Kramer vs. Kramer* is a singularly simple movie, yet deceptively so: Its subject, uncluttered by subplots, is a young father's effort, after his wife suddenly opts for an unhampered life of her own, to rear his seven-year-old son and subsequently to retain custody of the child.

There are only four principal characters: the three members of this dissolved family unit (played by Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Justin Henry) plus a sympathetic neighbor (Jane Alexander) whose allegiance gradually shifts from Ms. to Mr. Kramer, all posed against a background of rather daunting authority figures—employers, lawyers, judges, and such. Most of the movie takes place within the white walls of the Kramers' anonymously middle-class East Side high-rise, in a Central Park playground, and in adman Ted Kramer's place of business, with a climactic excursion to family court. Verbally as well as visually *Kramer vs. Kramer* is remarkably self-contained—the dialogue is terse, colloquial, and unfussy, and there's not an extraneous line in the movie.

Yet the spareness that permeates Benton's film is anything but a perverse stylistic tic. He's found a perfect mating of approach and subject that shows a gratifying faith in the audience's ability to figure out and respond to the implicit. When first we encounter them, both Kramers are guilty of the cardinal sin of the seventies—self-absorption; Joanna is a pressure-cooker of long deferred ambitions, ready to burst whatever the consequences, and Ted is too engrossed in an urgent business call to notice that his compliant helpmate has thrown in the potholder once and for all. These characters are graduates of the nice-people-don't-kvetch school of deportment.

Long past the point when it might've done some good, trivialities prompt them to blurt out their repressed mutual resentments—as in Joanna's cry that she "can't hack it anymore" as the elevator

STEVEN HARVEY is INQUIRY's film reviewer. He is coordinator of the film study program, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door closes on her forever, or Ted's "goddamn her" as he bungles the French toast and scorches his hand on his first morning of full-time parenthood. (They've bent their kid to conform to the same blueprint for emotional containment—junior defies Daddy by spurning his Salisbury steak for a forbidden quart of ice cream, but Billy's shrieks of hatred have more to do with Mommy's departure than with an untouched TV dinner, however unappetizing.) As valiantly as Joanna sets her determined jaw and Ted creases his face with an indomitable grin, cross purposes keep tripping up their lives—she can't shake her mothering instincts, and PTA meetings, birthday parties, and class plays start gumming up his media-hype deadlines.

AS THE SECOND OF THE male equal-time ripostes to Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman, Kramer vs. Kramer* surveys those same sex-role tremors contorting the urban social terrain, but Benton's viewpoint is infinitely more complex. By contrast to say, *Starting Over,* or Mazursky's film (with the sexes reversed), although Ted might have trouble fathoming Joanna's sudden departure, Benton doesn't trivialize her motives, and as they're gradually revealed the audience also comes to comprehend them. Benton exudes compassion for both sides, and one of the most affecting aspects of this movie is the manner in which he fleshes out two characters whose differences can't be reconciled yet who manage to see the emotional logic that guides each of them. *Kramer* is told essentially from the man's point of view (for the middle half of the film Joanna is off in California, Finding Herself), and it would have been easy to skew the viewer's sympathy entirely in his favor, particularly considering Ted's selfless refusal to air his grievances against Joanna in front of the child.

The balance is further threatened by the relaxed geniality Hoffman brings to the role. In recent years, Hoffman movies have often resembled pitched showdowns between actor and character, with Hoffman attacking as if the role might subdue him should his energy flag for an instant. His jagged restlessness still surfaces occasionally here, but with a clear purpose—usually when Ted must work at assuming a brave face on things for the sake of his son or his boss, which fails to snow anyone, least of all himself. He also resists the impulse to play it for schlemielish self-pity—it's a performance so disciplined that, paradoxically, he's rarely seemed so relaxed on screen, and even brief reaction shots of Hoffman merely listening to another character manage to contain volumes of feeling.

At the same time, from the film's very first shot—a lingering close-up of Joanna lovingly murmuring endearments over her sleeping child—*Kramer* is clearly no chauvinist nightmare of self-righteous feminist harpydom. Benton could hardly have done otherwise, once he decided to cast Meryl Streep in the part. She's expert at using the elongated curves of her face to express eager sincerity and reserved self-possession, seemingly at the same instant; her culminating monologue on the witness stand, expressing her dual need to be independent and to nurture her child, emanates the subtle concentration of a performer with a rare instinct for acting for the camera.

The fact that Joanna's presence hovers over the film even during her absence can't be attributed just to Streep's indisputable gifts; Benton scatters unobtrusive visual cues referring to this character throughout the story—the vacant rocking chair next to the child's bed, the cheery greeting cards she sends him, the photograph Ted finds secreted in the boy's chest of drawers. Her return is likewise conveyed via the most economic means: a long shot of Streep standing at a restaurant window watching the child arrive at school—just a flash, then fade to black. Benton transforms potential bathos into well-earned sentiment by pulling up close when the characters are in control and withdrawing discreetly when their defenses fall—you hear the kid crying in the dark for his mother without being primed by a shot of his tears, and see Ted nestle up to his son without throat-choking lullabies smothering the soundtrack. As one leisurely long-take episode follows another, the emotions *Kramer* generates tend to sneak up on you; this is sophisticated domestic drama of the highest order.

More than passing praise is due the bewildered wistfulness Jane Alexander brings to the role of Hoffman's platonic pal, and to Justin Henry, a spontaneous and appealing child who stops well short of throttling you with darlingness. Also worth noting are the succint punctuation of Jerry Greenberg's editing, and the infallible Nestor Almendros's unobtrusively elegant camerawork. Yet after two interesting false starts, with *Bad Company* and *The Late Show,* it's the emergence of Benton as a director with a rare balance of craft and feeling that makes *Kramer vs. Kramer* such a nice coda to the past movie year. Since we're apparently living in an era of films dedicat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed to warming over traditional attitudes and storytelling conventions that would have been dismissed as indigestible treacle just a few years ago, at least we're fortunate that the Yateses, Edwardses, and Bentons are around to dish them out with so much class and assurance.

*ON BROADWAY, NEIL SI*mon's confessedly autobiographical play about a recent widower's guilty refusal to accept the prospect of a second chance for marital happiness was greeted by some as evidence of his arrival as a serious playwright. Simon's power and track record assured that the film would preserve his play nearly intact, and on screen, *Chapter Two* only goes to show that sincerity isn't everything. The first half (or Act One), in which mourning novelist James Caan is lured out of his torpor by Hello Girl Marsha Mason, may be tolerably cute, depending on your tolerance for talking-head celluloid theater pieces that masquerade as movies by sending their characters out in the fresh air from time to time. Act Two is tedious going by any definition, since the anguished self-indulgence of Simon's stand-in hero is so protracted that you long to flee and take the ever-forbearing Mason along with you. At one point her Eve Arden–ish crony (played by Valerie Harper) describes Caan as not so handsome but with an intelligent face, and Caan strives visibly but in vain to convince you that she didn't get her adjectives reversed somehow.

Mason's case is positively Pirandellian: As Simon's second wife she is literally the subject of *Chapter Two*, and her bio reveals a string of distinguished credits in classical roles from her pre-Simon days. Yet although this cheery, tilt-nosed lady comes across as a patently nice person (which is, granted, a prerequisite for the part), she hasn't even got the technique to wring laughs out of Simon's foolproof jaunty quips. As she chats of her forays to the provinces to play Shaw and Ibsen, and turns down a chance to audition for Joseph Papp (in this movie there are more plugs for the Public Theater than beer ads on a ballgame telecast), you're not sure whether she really is an actress, much less can play one. Neither Caan's movie brother Joseph Bologna nor Harper is much help; director Robert Moore makes sure his cast enunciates Simon's lines nice and loud.

OUT AND AROUND

The Jerk—An achingly strenuous attempt by Steve Martin to prove his comedy can stand up to long-form, big screen treatment, which mostly goes to show how silly one-note gooniness can seem when stretched out for ninety minutes. Carl Reiner, who co-wrote and directed *The Jerk*, apparently took much of his inspiration from Harry Langdon–esque silent comedy, and this ham-handed imitation will look pretty lame to anyone familiar with the genuine article. Also, like a lot of recent comedies, it looks as if it had been made in super-8 on a budget of approximately $7.96.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES: $0.25 PER word, minimum insertion $5.00. Six to eleven insertions: 10 percent off; twelve or more insertions: 20 percent off. Payment must accompany insertion order: INQUIRY, 747 Front St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

Publications

WHAT IS HUMANISM? WRITE FOR a free copy of *Humanist Manifesto I and II*, to Dept. INQ, American Humanist Association, Box 5, Amherst, NY 14226.

LITERATURE OF LIBERTY FEATURES bibliographical essays on interdisciplinary topics relating to the question of freedom and an open society, and abstracts current articles from nearly four hundred international journals. Upcoming issues will include essays on David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, natural resources, and property rights. This valuable reference tool is not available on newsstands. $12/4 issues. Send order and payment to *Literature of Liberty*, 1177 University Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

F. R. WALLACE'S PSYCHUOUS SEX (470 pages). $17.50 paperback, $25.00 hardcover, postpaid. I & O Publishing Company, Inc., Dept. I, 224 LasVegas Boulevard N., Las Vegas, NV 89101.

Services

WRITERS: IF YOU HAVE A BOOK manuscript that's too specialized for commercial publishers, we can help you. We do professional-quality subsidy publishing of progressive and feminist books. For details write: Alyson Publications, Suite 309, Dept. 360, 75 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass. 02111.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN? PROFESSIONAL Radio spots; written/produced by libertarian broadcasters. Competitive. Sample ad. (808) 239-9303 (collect).

WANTED—LIBERTARIANS WITH SPECIAL abilities. A spectrum of the leading libertarian publications, organizations, and activists has organized a clearinghouse to match people with jobs. If you would like to be among an elite group considered for responsible positions, send your resume to The Clearinghouse, 325 Pennsylvania Avenue S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Faculty members, journalists, professionals especially welcome.

PROFESSIONAL EDITS, REVISES, TYPES manuscripts, doctorals, transcribes cassettes. Political science, literature, education, fiction, nonfiction specialist. Marye Myers, Box 1019, South Pasadena, CA 91030.

Education

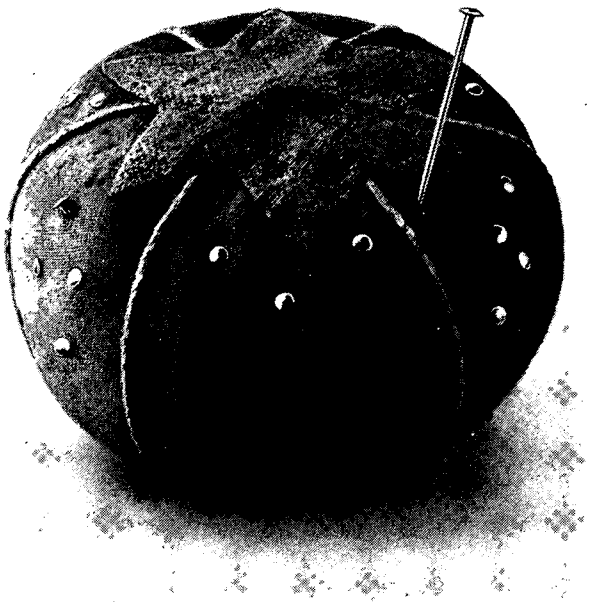
*UNIQUE COLLEGE IN MEXICO. UNDER-*graduate, graduate, and noncredit programs in English. Arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, social studies. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful town. Free color catalogue. Instituto Allende, Apdo W, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

Miscellaneous

STEPHEN ARONS, A PROFESSOR OF legal studies, is doing research on pitched conflict between families or parent groups and school authorities over value socialization in schooling. Arons is seeking to discover the strains that such conflicts place on the family and the community as well as the political and institutional interests advanced by school authorities. Means of resolving these disputes without resort to the courts are of special interest. Professor Arons will protect the privacy and anonymity of any family, school administrator or other person willing to meet with him to describe their own struggle. Please contact him by writing to him at: 20 Madison St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did you know we can find a breast cancer as small as the head of a pin?



Such a tiny cancer can almost always be cured. A cancer of this size can best be found by mammography – a technique of low-dose breast x-rays. Using far less radiation than ever before, mammography can detect a cancer long before a lump can be felt. While the cancer is still highly curable.

Not every woman needs mammography. But for those women over 50 or with special reasons to be concerned, like those with symptoms or a strong family history of breast cancer, mammography can find a tiny cancer before it has spread. Ask your doctor about mammography.

American Cancer Society

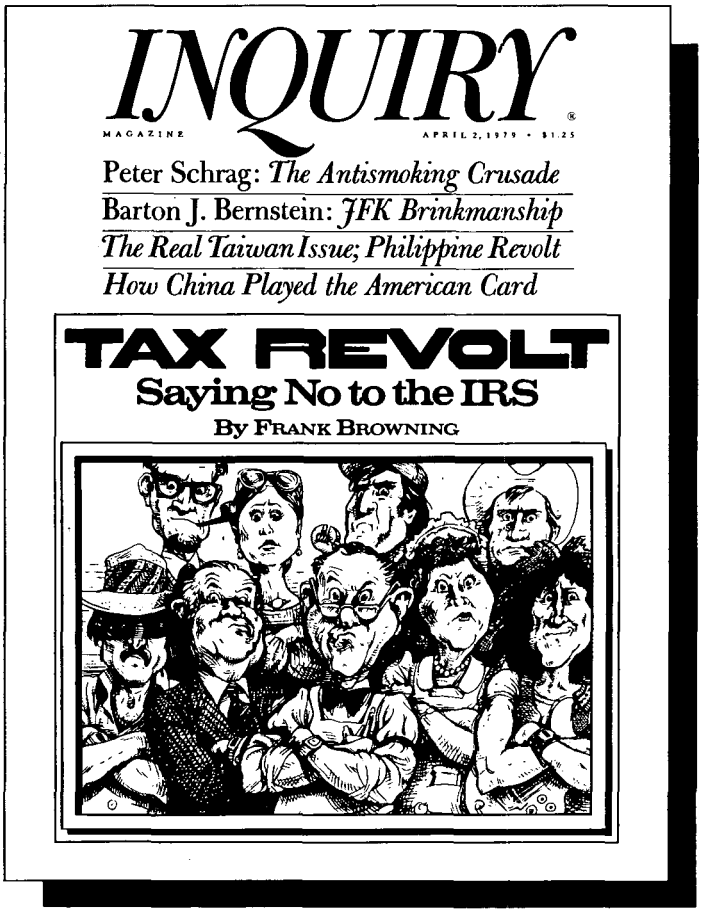
THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How can one magazine be liberal, conservative, and something new, *all at once?*

Liberals think *INQUIRY* is an arm of reaction. Conservatives call us "crypto-leftists." In fact, *INQUIRY* is something altogether different—a magazine that is the voice of the new politics in America. We don't traffic in ideas that have been certified "acceptable" by the intellectual establishment. Maybe that's why we get so much flak—no one can *label* us. For people with vested interests in conventional wisdom, people who already have the answers they like, we're renegades of the most dangerous sort. But we may be just what you're looking for. If you don't read *INQUIRY*, here's what you're missing:

Common Cause: Lobby for the Status Quo **(STEPHEN CHAPMAN on the connections, interests, and motives of this "citizens' lobby.")**



❑ ***Breaking and Entering for Uncle Sam*** **(DAVID WISE on whether government burglary is still official U.S. policy.)**

❑ ***Death Camps in Paraguay*** **(RICHARD ARENS on the systematic extermination of Indians in Latin America.)**

❑ ***How Dan White Got Away With Murder*** **(THOMAS SZAS on psychiatrists and gays.)**

❑ ***Smokey Joe Califano*** **(NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN on the imperious former leader of HEW.)**

❑ ***The New Legions of Erotic Decency*** **(NAT HENTOFF on feminist censorship.)**

❑ ***SALT: The Dangerous Illusion*** **(BARTON J. BERNSTEIN on why SALT II won't deny any country the weapons it wants.)**

Act now and get the next year of *INQUIRY* for just $15.00.

THE VOICE OF THE NEW POLITICS.

Yes, send me the next year of *INQUIRY* for $15.00, 40% off the regular newsstand price.

☐ 1 yr $15.00
☐ 2 yrs $27.50
☐ 3 yrs $35.00

Bill My:
☐ VISA
☐ MasterCharge

Account #_____

Expiration date_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Please return to: *INQUIRY*, P.O. Box 2500, Menlo Park, California 94025 or CALL TOLL FREE: 800-621-5809 (In ILLINOIS, 800-972-5858)

E043

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED